THE BYSTANDER
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£2,000

DECEMBER 31, 1913

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THE BYSTANDER

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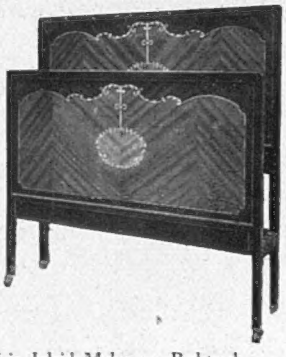

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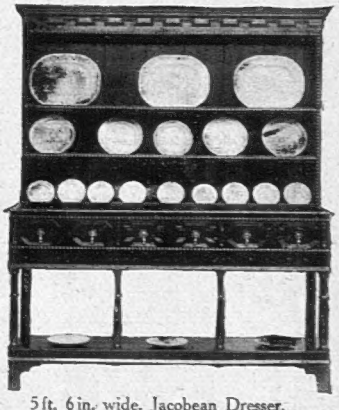

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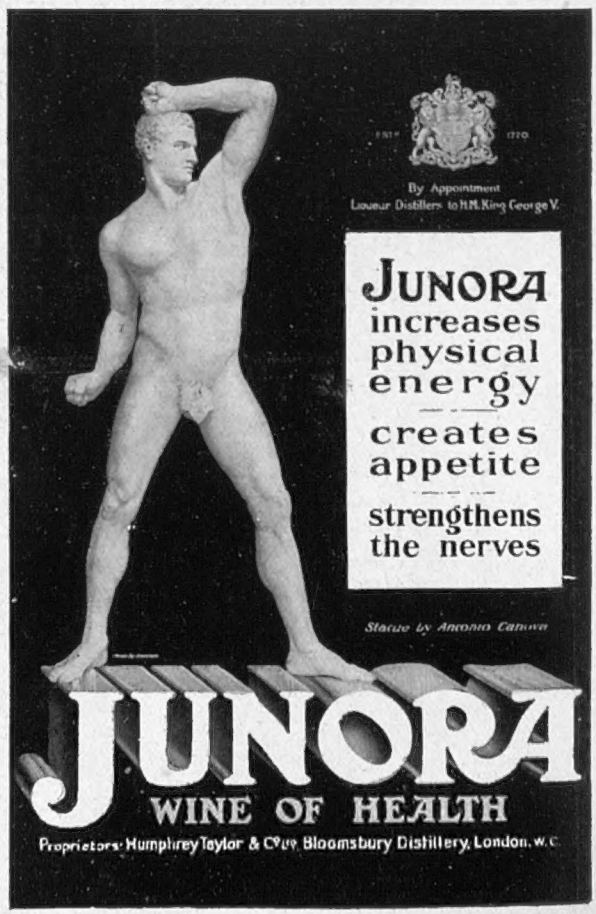

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Politics, Society, & the Drama.

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BY CRUWYS RICHARDS

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

New Year Honours

The New Year—I salute it in advance—doesn't, of course, get much social recognition from us in England. Our only real celebrations in its honour are more or less (frequently less) decorous supper-parties at the restaurants—cruelly cut short this year, or, rather, next, at 3 a.m.—and the issue of that annual testimony to genuine distinction, unaffected by any sort of consideration of wealth or party, which is known as the New Year Honours List.

***

In the List

It is rash to prophesy, especially so near the event, but I venture to predict that this tribute to all that is greatest in England to-day will include the distinguished and Liberal soap manufacturer, Mr. Smith (or is it Brown?), that celebrated municipal benefactor, Alderman Jones (it may be Robinson), and the world-renowned and generous President of the Piffleham Radical Association, Sir John Thomas Buggins. I may have got just a trifle mixed in the names, but the men I have mentioned will inevitably be there, and many others of almost equal distinction.

***

Embassy Economies

On the Continent, of course, the New Year really is an event, but even in the foreign capitals our Embassies make but a poor show in the general illuminations and rejoicings—not that this (rather, one would have thought, undiplomatic) attitude is confined to this particular occasion. The fact is that they are simply not provided with funds for the purpose. So in Berlin, amidst brilliant and costly electric devices, you may actually see on feast days the British Embassy lit up with candles stuck at the windows in bottles, while in St. Petersburg, I'm told, the Embassy illumination fund recently amounted to barely £20, with the result that its gala lighting ran to a solitary "G." and no more.

THE DOYEN OF BRITISH JOURNALISM

Lord Burnham (on the right) with Lord Northcliffe, at his residence, Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, where an address, signed by 253 editors and proprietors of daily and weekly newspapers throughout the British Empire, was presented to him congratulating him on the attainment of his 80th birthday. Lord Burnham is principal proprietor of the "Daily Telegraph"

The Intrusive Pole

We returned to Town from an almost meteorologically ideal Christmas, spent in the right part of the country, to find that Shackleton had chosen this week to announce yet another South Pole Expedition. Poor papers! How gladly they grasped at even this straw of news. The public—I speak from personal observation—received the item with frigid and calculated contempt. It would have been much more warming to hear that somebody was off to the place where the climate is the extreme contrary.

***

Whew!

If your New Year outlook is going to be dark, it may as well be black and done with it. Mr. Arnold White, Pessimist-in-Ordinary to the British Press, is at it with a vengeance in the *Express*.

"The avoidance of civil war is the one thing to be accomplished: To save the British Empire from collapse: To save India from the anarchy that followed the fall of the Moguls: To save Australia from becoming a Mongol colony, where jinrickshas will be dragged by white men to carry yellow men to their business and to their sports: To save ——"

***

Dyspepsia?

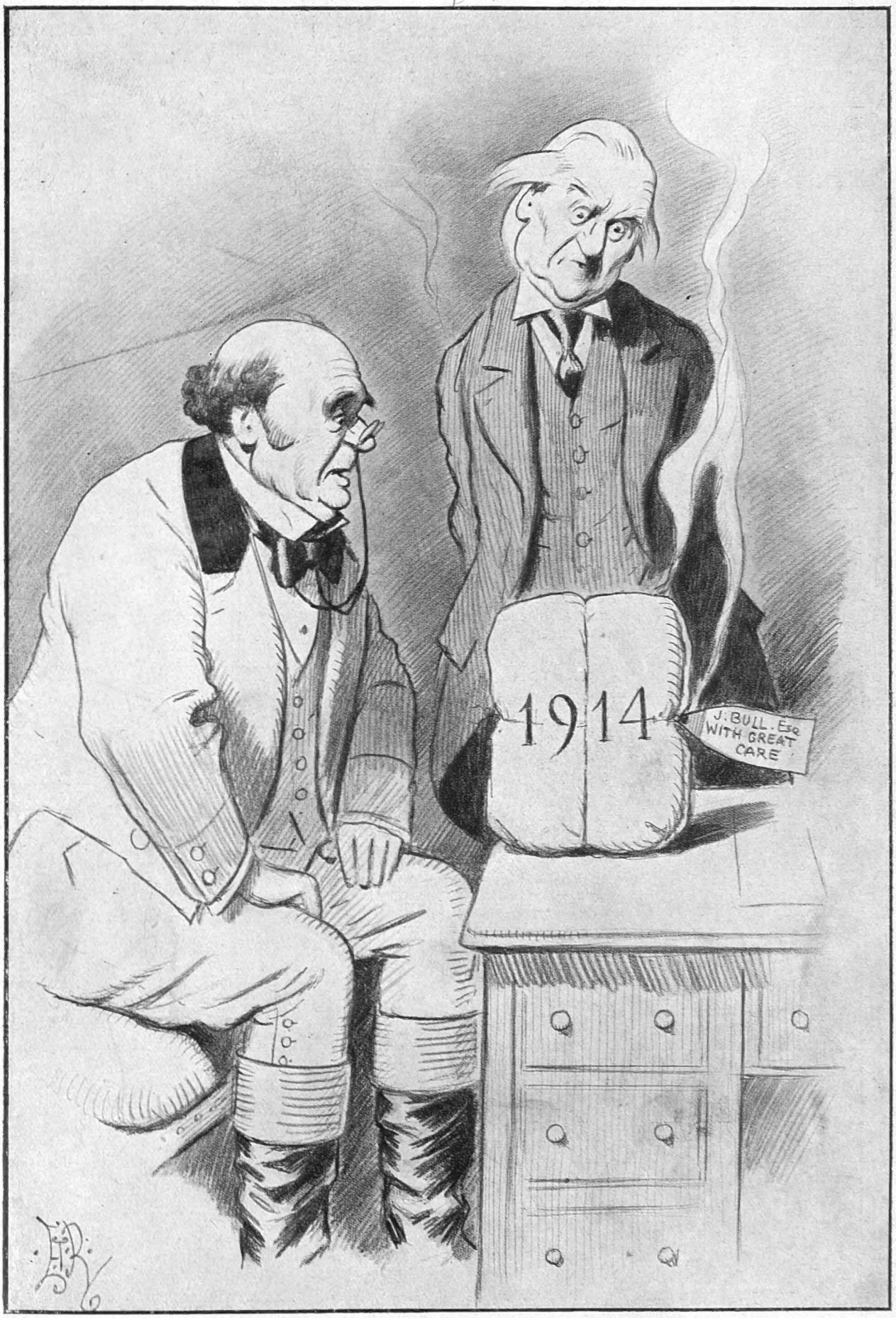
But I must stop. What *did* Mr. Arnold White have for his Christmas dinner? And is he feeling better now? And will something also be done to save the Unionist Party from being represented in the Press by gentlemen who appear to lack all sense of proportion *and* of humour?

***

Honour Where Due

A remarkable tribute was paid to Lord Burnham on Saturday last in the presentation to him of an illuminated address signed by 253 editors and newspaper proprietors. As Mr. J. L. Garvin pointed out in his speech at Lord Burnham's house, we are indebted to Lord Burnham perhaps above all else for having withstood the tendency of

The Scotland Yard Treatment



JOHN BULL: "It's all very well you know, my dear Asquith—you're rather an optimist. *I* can't help feeling that, in view of the smoke, the strong smell of gunpowder, and the ticking inside, we shall be wiser to open it in a bucket of water"

BY E. T. REED

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E.	*NORWAY, DENMARK, &c.	July	17	to	Aug. 4
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BYSTANDER ANNUAL

is now out of print at the Publishing Offices, but a few copies may still be obtained at the Bookstalls.

No lover of seasonable frivolity should miss seeing this remarkable Shillingsworth.

A Few Glad-Eyes

BY WAY OF NEW YEAR GREETING

MISS PHYLLIS BEDELLS

Who is succeeding Mlle. Lydia Kyasht at the Empire. Miss Bedells has the distinction of being the first English Prima Ballerina of the Empire Theatre

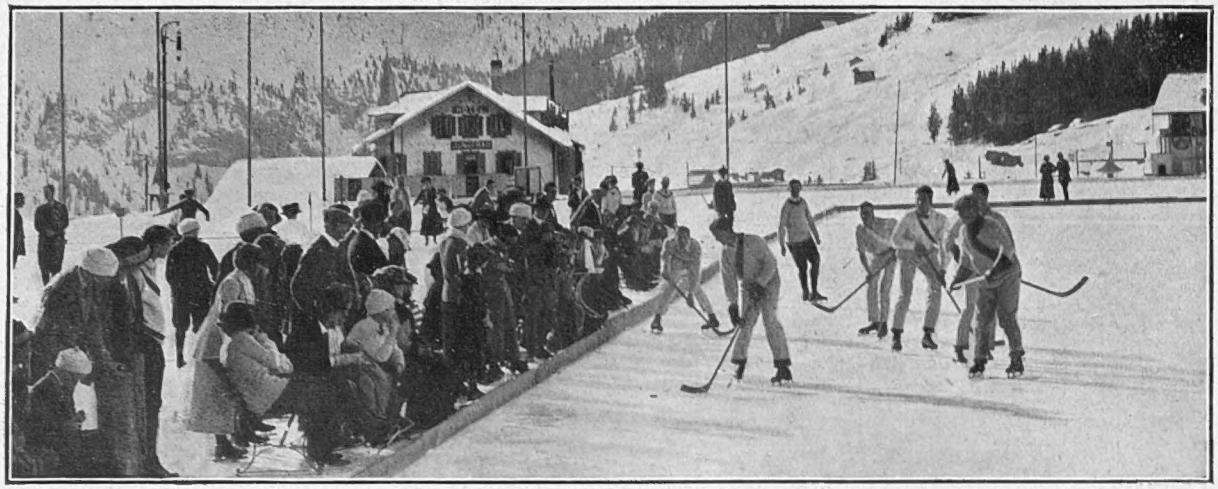
MISS ODETTE GOIMBAULT

The child actress whose wonderful performance in "The Death of Tintagiles" at the St. James's Theatre in the name part has attracted much attention

MLLE. FRIZZI VON DERRA

The beautiful young dancer at the Tivoli, who is delighting London with her charming and graceful dances

Photographs *E. O Hoppé*



Photograph] AN INCIDENT IN THE 'VARSITY ICE-HOCKEY MATCH AT MÜRREN [*Sport and General*

Held on December 23, resulting in a somewhat runaway victory for the Cambridge team, which won by 10 goals to nil. Cambridge throughout the game showed greater powers of combination, though certain Oxford players occasionally made brilliant individual efforts. But the score says a good deal, though it is by no means as large as the uninitiated might think—for ice-hockey

journalism in the early days of the modern *Daily Telegraph*, to concentrate too much upon politics. He taught his men to "see life as it is, and see it whole." If only all journals acted up to this ideal, there would be many brighter breakfast-tables in this country.

(*Continued on page 742*)

At Drury Lane. By "Jingle"

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY" RE-AWAKENED

The pantomime at Drury Lane is something more than a theatrical performance; it is a national institution. It is as far above criticism as the British Museum or the National Gallery. If it has any faults at all they are no more than the defects of its qualities. (I think that is the phrase that tradition sanctions in such matters.) The undertaking is so vast, that one always hesitates whether it should be considered as a work of art or merely as a commercial proposition; for, after all, there is not much chance for the expression of artistic subtleties on so huge a canvas. Every detail must be concretely expressed, and nothing must be left to the imagination—for fear the audience should not have any. There is no room for the camel-hair pencil in a job of this kind; the paint must be splashed on thickly with a whitewasher's brush all the time.

* * *

The massive magnificence of the thing is undeniable; but to most of us who are trying to keep in touch with Things as They Are, it seems to be the splendour of a bygone age. This defect is most noticeable in the humorous portions of the piece, many of which are padded out with jests at which our grandfathers must have cackled over the walnuts and the wine. It was surprising to me to see two such admirable comedians as Mr. George Graves and Mr. Will Evans frittering away their talents on such indifferent material; although this apparent defect may be an inevitable part of the colossal enterprise. It is common knowledge that the British public do not take kindly to new ideas, and, for all I know to the contrary, they may prefer pantomime jokes that they have heard before, as they are thus spared the trouble of enquiring of each other what the point of the joke may be. And Messrs. Graves and Evans are such capable exponents of humour that they can give to the ripest chestnut a transitory air of pleasing freshness and verdancy. One is tempted to think that Mr. Collins has missed a great opportunity here; but, on the other hand, it is a fair assumption that he knows his own business best.

* * *

In my unregenerate days when I was editing an alleged comic paper, my proprietor pointed out to me the expediency of using at least one familiar joke in every issue. The idea was that the reader finding in print a jest that he had probably repeated to his long-suffering family for years, would be flattered by the fact that we had stolen his thunder, and would joyfully point out to his friends that he had had a hand in the production of that particular issue of the paper. In the same way, many worthy visitors to the Drury Lane pantomime will doubtless go away convinced that they have collaborated handsomely with the author and producer in the excellent entertainment provided.

* * *

The current edition of this pantomime varies very slightly from the original version produced last year. A new and highly sensational feature is a forest fire which is a decided triumph of stage mechanism and management. Little Miss Renée Mayer is once more the good fairy of the story, a dainty character most charmingly played; while Miss Florence Smithson and Mr. Wilfrid Douthitt are again the heroine and hero respectively, each to each. A young lady of nine, to whom I had the honour of being introduced during the entr'acte, assured me that the pantomime was "perfectly lovely;" and I take it that Mr. Collins asks for no higher praise than that. After all, the pantomime is first and last an entertainment for the children, and the Sleeping Beauty ought to bring them to Drury Lane in their thousands.

JINGLE

The National Pantomime

The Drury Lane Pantomime is this year on a more colossal scale than ever. Experts on the subject are, we think, agreed that no pantomime should be too up-to-date. Up-to-dateness in these days we leave to the Revues. We are, therefore, not altogether sorry that *The Sleeping Beauty* is full of a good many jokes which usually go by the name of "chestnuts." For Mr. Graves and Mr. Evans are such excellent comedians that even the dryest of "chestnuts" perpetrated by them appear with all the savour of newly-roasted ones. The Drury Lane Pantomime is essentially a children's affair, and innumerable "children" from five years of age to ninety, or thereabouts, will be flocking there for many weeks to come

BY NORMAN MORROW

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

Royal "Surprises"

Christmas Day was marked by a "surprise" gift by the Queen to the King of a portrait of herself in her Garter robes. How the necessary sittings, in the necessary costume, to the necessary artist can have been given without resort to wholly improbable subterfuge, I cannot conceive, and may I politely suggest that this representation of Their Majesties as in the habit of eternally surprising each other is unconvincing? Perhaps the halfpenny press will either think of something new, or leave Their Majesties' private affairs alone.

* * *

A Question of Income

And so £5,000 a year is (*vide* Lord Haldane) enough income even for a Lord Chancellor. M'yes—for a bachelor-philosopher, perhaps. It might have been different had Lord Haldane been a "highly susceptible Chancellor" and succumbed to the wiles of woman. I wonder, by the way, how the Prime Minister regards his colleague's smug modesty in the matter of income?

* * *

A Bump Supper?

Social engagements are for the moment still in abeyance in Town, and they will take some little time yet to restart. Early next month there begins the usual flood of civic dinners, and about the middle of January will come that interesting function, the dinner which the Lord Chief Justice is giving to his late colleagues in the Cabinet. It should be a historic and stately gathering, especially if the guests include, as they surely must, the now reported-to-be-returning Lord Murray—"*comes absens qui cessat in Bogota*," as "Simo the lawyer" put it in the Westminster play, to which "Davus the misaristocrat" significantly replied, "*Longa sit usque via!*"

* * *

Trying

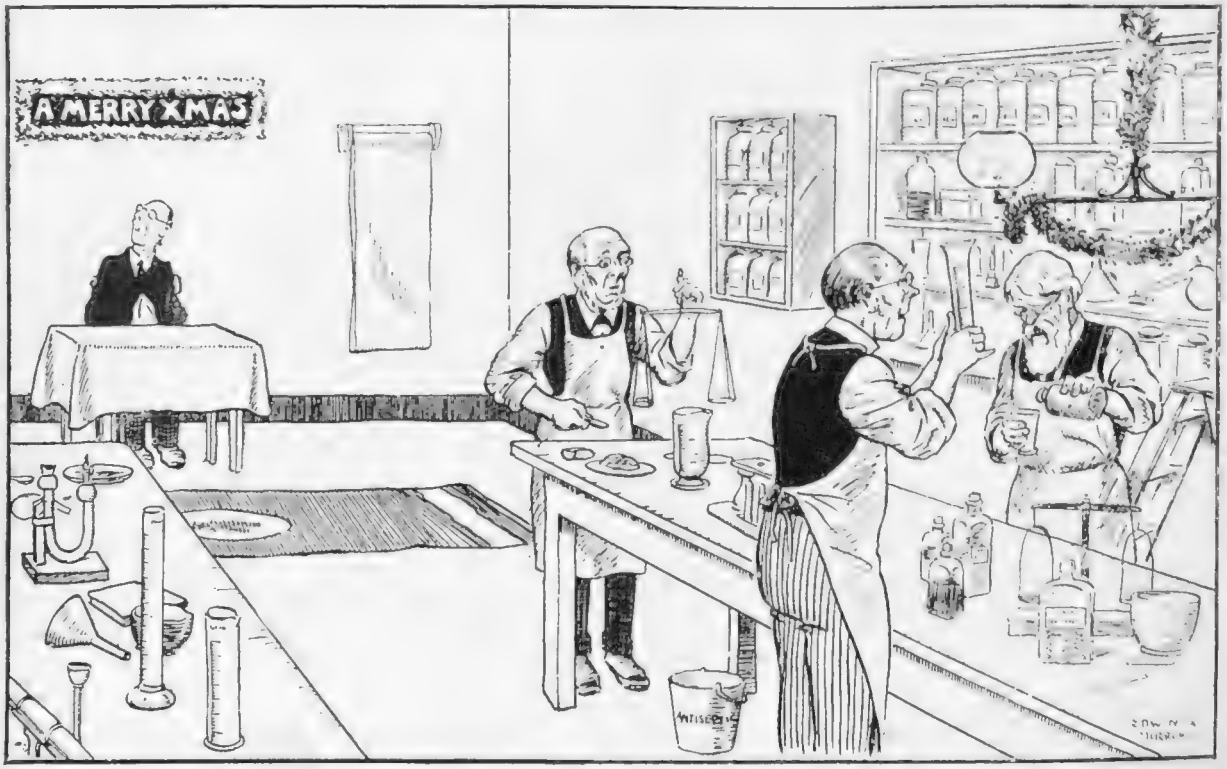
There is a considerable sameness about the county balls which are the chief social events in the country just now. But among these functions the Lincolnshire Staff Ball stood out by reason of the curious fact that the patroness, Lady Exeter, selected the colours to be worn for the evening, which on this occasion were pale blue and silver. It is a custom to which the ladies present loyally responded, but what a positive nightmare to the dancing man who is in the habit of identifying the partners on his programme—they still have programmes in the country—by a note of the colours of their frocks!

* * *

That Holiday Joke

Mrs. Churchill was a leading light at the Cheshire County Ball the other night, looking handsome, but, as usual, rather tired. The little Navy campaign against "Winston," by the way, doesn't seem to make very much headway, and Mr. Asquith's reply to the anti-Churchill deputation of Sir William Byles, Baron de Forest, Mr. Arnold Rowntree, etc., was diplomatically vague. But it is, perhaps, just as well that the projected visit of the First Lord to Germany last week was a myth, or, at any rate, was denied when it had had a morning paper run. He might have been tempted to repeat that naval holiday joke of his again, which was never one of his best, even when it was new.

(*Continued on page 745*)



HOW A MEMBER OF THE PURE FOOD AND HEALTH SOCIETY ENJOYED HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER

BY EDWIN A. MORROW

"Dux Femina Facti"

THE VERY LATEST MOVEMENTS OF INDEFATIGABLE WOMANHOOD

GOING UP ALOFT

It must be really a novel experience for a Suffragette to repair anything, and we rather doubted the infallible eye of the camera when the photographer handed us the above photograph of Miss West actually *repairing* the buildings on the Suffragette Farm near Goring

DESPATCH ORANGEWOMEN: ULSTER'S NEW PRODUCT

The ladies have been playing an important part in the Anti-Home Rule campaign, but their newest rôle is that of Women Despatch Riders, a corps of ladies formed to convey despatches between Irvinestown and Enniskillen, a distance of ten miles. We understand that this work is being taken up with great enthusiasm. This fact should discourage the Nationalists, especially if the Orangewomen think of taking an active part in the coming "war"

Fire as an Aid to Photography

A STRIKING PICTURE OF THE PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD FIRE AT ITS HEIGHT

Seldom has a fire given photographers so excellent an opportunity to take arresting pictures as that which devastated a large block of buildings in Portsmouth Dockyard on Saturday week last. Though enormous damage was done, it was only through the heroism of the signalmen, who sacrificed their lives by remaining at their posts, and the large number of skilled firemen who were promptly on the scene, that a much greater catastrophe was averted. Our photograph reproduced above is reminiscent of steel mills by night at Pittsburgh, U.S.A., for instance

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded*)

An Interregnum

There is a sort of social interregnum in Town at present which is likely to last for some little while yet. The Court is expected to move to Windsor about the third week in January, and will be there fortnight or more before Their Majesties' return to Buckingham Palace for the State Opening of Parliament and the first "Court" of the season, at which Princess Arthur of Connaught, if she is able to come to London, is to make her first appearance in the official Royal circle. The January season of Beecham Opera at the London Opera House is "off" now, of course. But the beginning of February will bring another Covent Garden season, with the English *début* of *Parsifal* as its chief "draw."

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At Last

Few weddings of the sort known as fashionable have been fixed to take place in town in January, but there is one, on the 7th, that has a special interest of its own. On that day Mr. Vyvyan Holland, younger son of Oscar Wilde, is to be married in a London church. The announcement of this event is, I believe, the first public acknowledgment of their paternity by Wilde's sons, both of whom have lived under other names since the tragedy of nearly a generation ago. It is a testimony, and a welcome one, to the fact that at last even England has recognised that Wilde's genius is a greater and a more enduring thing than — in fact, actually a thing apart from—his conviction.

MR. VYVYAN B. "HOLLAND" (né Wilde)
Younger son of the late Oscar Wilde, who is to be married early next month to Miss Violet Mary Craigie. In personal appearance he may be said to resemble his celebrated father

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An Unfounded Report

The theatres continue to exude a "festive season" spirit, and no doubt, as usual, Christmas pantomimes will go on running well into the Spring. Mr. Granville Barker's suggestion, by the way, for the institution of a national theatre fund by private subscribers does not seem to have been very enthusiastically welcomed. It had been generally reported that he was going to make an important statement on the subject, and just to show what rumours get about I may mention that the story was that part or all of the £50,000 just inherited by Mrs. Barker was to be devoted to the cause.

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Watching for Zero

Meanwhile, a fortunate proportion of the population which either has no bonds of duty or is able to slip them for a while is to be found enjoying the usual winter sports at home and anxiously watching the thermometer for fear of a frost, or doing the same in Switzerland and scanning the mercury in equal terror of a thaw, or sunning itself on the Riviera, where the only zeros are those to be found at the tables. Christmas and the New Year generally bring the real first opening of the season at Monte and the other Mediterranean resorts, though ironbound custom decrees that for English "Society" they do not exist until a couple of months later.

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Is It Possible?

Continuing its entertaining "discovery" series a halfpenny newspaper informs its readers in awe-struck, admiring tones that "Society," which "from time to time has strange fancies," has just taken to the amazing fashion of having beer and kippers for supper at one of the restaurants in "the West End." Previously, I suppose, it was always nightingale's tongues and Bollinger in magnums. Of course, as a matter of fact, lager beer is a most usual supper drink in these temperate days, and at any of the new night clubs you go into you will find a majority of people drinking it. Perhaps that is one reason why some of them are doing so badly. They may be run—who knows?—by persons who got their ideas of the habits of "Society" from the newspapers.

BARON DE MEYER ON ROLLERS
Though the "boom" in roller skating of a few years ago has long since perished, there are still many enthusiasts in London, and of these the more elect, like the Baron above, whose reputation as an artistic photographer is world-wide, assemble weekly at the Olympia Sunday Skating Club

NEW SERIES OF ARTICLES

MAKERS OF MOVEMENTS

No. I.—Mr. John Galsworthy and the Drama of Pity

THE outstanding characteristic of John Galsworthy is his normality. There is nothing in the slightest degree freakish about his plays or his novels, or, indeed, his ideas. The newer dramatists have sometimes earned the title of crank. Bernard Shaw has, for instance, and he could, and probably would, defend it. With Galsworthy that would be unnecessary, for he is no crank. Even his sympathy with oppressed men and animals has never given him the badge of a cause or attached his name to an *ism*. His attitude is humane without being humanitarian; his sympathies are social without being Socialist. He reminds one of the Englishmen of our dreams; he of the clean and fair mind and the courageous and kind heart, who makes up in sincerity what he lacks in mere cleverness, and who, coming to realise the sort of injustice depicted in *The Silver Box*, would say, "It's a beastly shame!" Galsworthy says no more than that. He would not disclaim being a teacher; but there is no evidence in his plays or novels that he has remedies for social ills. That is not his business. His aim is to reveal those ills, leaving the cure to others. His cleverness, indeed, lies to some extent in his power of concealing his desire to preach.

□ □ □

He never steps aside from the theme he is developing on the stage to tell you what he means, and still less does he render tribute of personal confession from his characters. Here and there, to be sure, we fancy, and with some reason, that the still small voice of truth as understood by Galsworthy, may be heard in the words of one or more of the people of his plays. Generally such messages are conveyed through the medium of simple and even blundering characters who in ordinary life would neither expect nor achieve authority. A good example of the method may be found in the tragedy, *Justice*. Cokeson, an elderly clerk, simple, conventional, and pompous, visits the prison where his late junior clerk, Falder, is undergoing the first stages of a term of penal servitude for forgery. The prisoner is experiencing solitary confinement, and the ordeal is breaking his spirit and threatening to undermine his reason. Cokeson, whose heart beats truly beneath a conventional and unromantic exterior, ventures to plead Falder's pitiful case before the Governor of the prison and the Chaplain; he is, as may be expected, nonplussed by "official" arguments. The Law, he is told, hardly shares his views. "But I can't help thinking," says Cokeson, "that to shut him up there by himself 'll turn him silly. And nobody wants that, I s'pose." The Chaplain assures him that the case is unusual, and with that the old legal clerk loses his habitual suavity. "I keep dogs," he says, "and I say this: I wouldn't shut one of them up all by himself, month after month, not if he'd bit me all over." That, you feel, is Galsworthy's view. He makes it clear in the climax But he only adopts this method of speaking through the words of his characters on rare occasions. Usually he relies upon his picture telling the story. He teaches by revelation. By this method he can even dispense with words as he does in the cell scene of the same play, where Falder, haunted by loneliness, is revealed listening for companionable sounds. He hears nothing, but presently a rumbling as of a dull thumping on metal is audible. It is a prisoner in an adjoining cell beating at his door. Falder listens, raises his clenched fists, and as the curtain falls he flings himself at his door and beats on it. The terrible little incident reveals Galsworthy in method and object.

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It is the same in his novels as in his plays. The novels are as much elaborated plays as the plays are concentrated novels. The two are related in Galworthy's art, indeed it would have been just as easy for *The Man of Property*, *The Country House*, and *Fraternity* to have been plays as it would have been for *The Fugitive*, *Strife*, and *Joy* to have been novels. All serve a central idea, which may be summed up in the word pity. John Galsworthy realises more than any other living writer the tragedy of institutions and fixed ideas. He sees with photographic sharpness the ill-doing of a well-meaning society. But in *The Pigeon* he does not spare those who jump at ready-made remedies, any more than Ibsen spared the would-be Ibsenists in *The Wild Duck*. He is an ironist, and his drama of pity breathes irony in every situation; chiefly the irony of human life being wasted by the stupidity of people who mean well.

□ □ □

There is, however, no heated denunciation of social conditions. There is no hint of revolution in Galsworthy's plays or novels, and if he throws the light of irony upon certain manifestations of some of our most cherished ideals, such as Justice, Fraternity, Morality, it could never be argued that he denounced those ideals in themselves. The moral of his work is that Justice, for instance, may not only destroy itself, but may also establish evil in its place. And the most ironic thing about it all is the fact that the greatest sufferers in all conflicts with conventional morality are those who have been brought into the conflict by ignorance or accident John Galsworthy does not deal with deliberate criminality nor with calculated immorality. He deals with the results of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune—and by exposing hopes, if not to end, to limit their chances of having further misfortune thrust upon them by that well-meaning stupidity which can be the costliest brutality.

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To that extent Galsworthy is a teacher as well as an artist, even though he succeeds in hiding the former in the latter. Sometimes he does it so well, as, for instance, in his best-constructed and most finely characterised play, *Strife*, that his own attitude towards the modern warfare between capital and labour seems to be that of an impartial observer. At

MAKERS OF MOVEMENTS—No. I

Mr. John Galsworthy

A STUDY FROM LIFE BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

John Galsworthy, the subject of Mr. Holbrook Jackson's essay on the preceding page, is one of the strongest forces in serious drama of to-day. Before all else he is a revealer of human wrongs rather than a constructive theorist with views as to how social evils should be corrected. Among the best known of his plays are "The Silver Box." "Joy," "Strife," "Justice," and "The Fugitive." The last-named was presented in the autumn at the Court and Prince of Wales Theatres. The clever study of Mr. Galsworthy reproduced above was taken at his Devonshire home, Wingstone, Manaton

the same time, he is not afraid of admitting the moral value of drama. "Every grouping of life and character," he says, "has its inherent moral; and the business of the dramatist is so to pose the group as to bring that moral poignantly to the light of day." John Galsworthy has set himself to the realisation of that business with high purpose and high seriousness. His plays are not without laughter, and one smiles while reading his novels; but it is rarely because of anything intrinsically humorous. The laughter aroused by the plays is invariably tragic, and it is always brief-lived; and the smiles invoked by the novels are always satiric.

□ □ □

Few other living writers have his serenity and sureness of vision; no other modern plays in our language have the austerity of his. One feels at times that they are born of a moral rather than an imaginative impulse. It is as though John Galsworthy had felt the wrongs of civilisation and set out not to right them but to reveal them to others so that ultimately they might be righted. His attitude combines the humane ardour of a Charles Reade with the intellectual sincerity of a Matthew Arnold. In a sense his plays are melodramas purged of sentimentalism. Their intellectual courage in the face of every temptation to follow the broad path which leads to easy popularity is one of the great things of our modern theatre. Further, Galsworthy has achieved the seemingly impossible; he has written stage-plays which hold audiences without relying upon that dominant love interest which the majority of dramatists have considered a fixed convention of the theatre. And as a realist with a moral aim he has discovered for himself themes sufficiently absorbing in themselves to hold their own in the light of the oldest of dramatic traditions, and by his unflinching honesty of attitude and statement combined with his power of creating an illusion of personal detachment, he has given his plays an inevitability new to our stage.

HOLBROOK JACKSON

NEXT WEEK—
"MR. JOHN MASEFIELD"
BY THE SAME CONTRIBUTOR

Our New Year Features

The beginning of a new year is always an auspicious time to turn over a new leaf, and though we don't propose to do that in the generally accepted meaning of the phrase—not by a long chalk!—there will certainly be found in THE BYSTANDER *during the coming weeks of* 1914 *many new sorts of "leaves," and we leave it to our readers to turn them over for themselves. For instance, the admirable series of articles by Mr. Holbrook Jackson on "Makers of Movements" will be continued as announced above. Mr. Purcell Jones's series of "Fantasies of Fashion" will be represented next week by another clever design, labelled "The Love Bird." The delightful series of sketches by Arthur Watts, "Present Day Types," will be continued with "The Straphanger;" and "A Naval Officer" will contribute another of his pen pictures of Life in the Navy, entitled "The Law of the Dirk Scabbard."*

On January 14 *we shall publish in addition to the ordinary features our Special Riviera Supplement, edited as last year on the Riviera, in which sunny locality our special writer has been passing the festive season.*

A FUTURIST BEDROOM

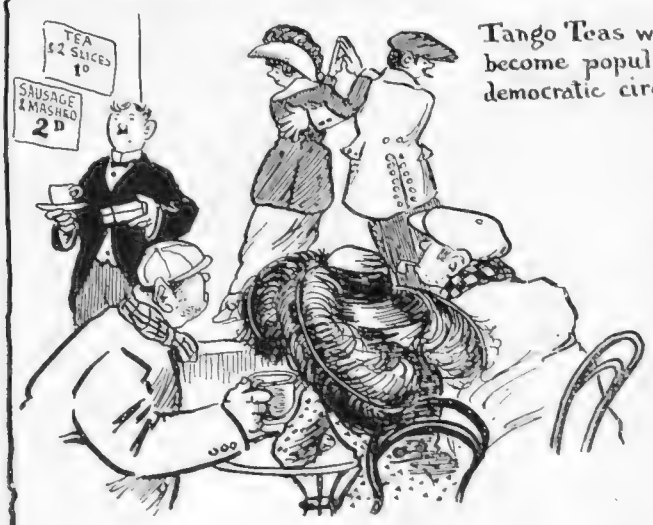
At the Omega Workshops, in Fitzroy Square, W., where Mr. Roger Fry and his Post Impressionist friends have a Christmas show of their works. Here are to be seen the latest Futurist designs in rugs, lampshades, boxes, crockery,—and the bedroom seen above. This is the sort of decoration that brings healthy sleep to the tired Futurist, but we fear that to us, the uninitiated, it rather suggests a nightmare!

FANTASIES IN FASHION

No. I. "CHECKERS"

BY PURCELL JONES

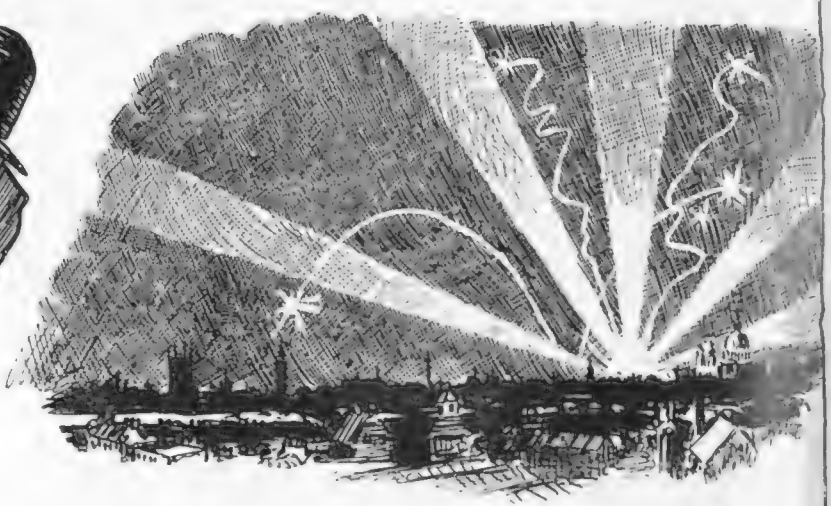
"Bystander" Prophecies



Tango Teas will become popular in democratic circles.

Mr. Bernard Shaw appointed Censor of Sermons.

Mr Winston Churchill revises his ideas of head-gear



Another Carmelite organ discovers that it has existed quite a long time.

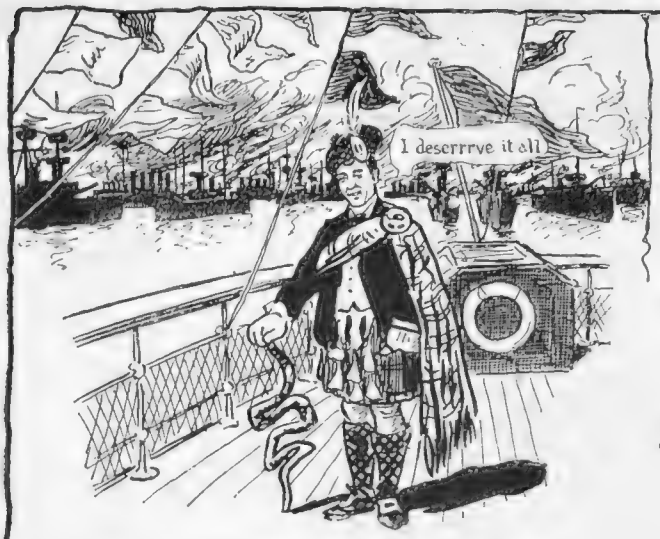
Complaint will be made of Classical Dancers wearing too much clothing.

The Clergy will become more and more difficult to shock.

The Anti-Suffrage League will adopt militant tactics.

"Old Moore's Almanack," and such-like publications which have a currency at this time of year are all very well in their way, but, generally speaking, they have a quite Machiavellian way of avoiding self-committal. Like the Delphic oracle of old, they are always tactful. Now nobody knows what is really going to happen next year with any certainty,

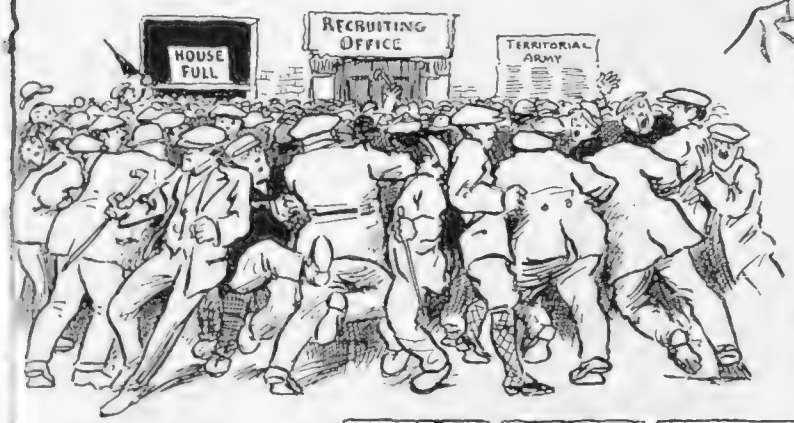
for the New Year



Mr Harry Lauder, on his world tour, nearing Sydney. (We have space for only a small part of the naval escort.)

Sir James Larkin (knighted after a few more bye elections) appointed Government Conciliator.

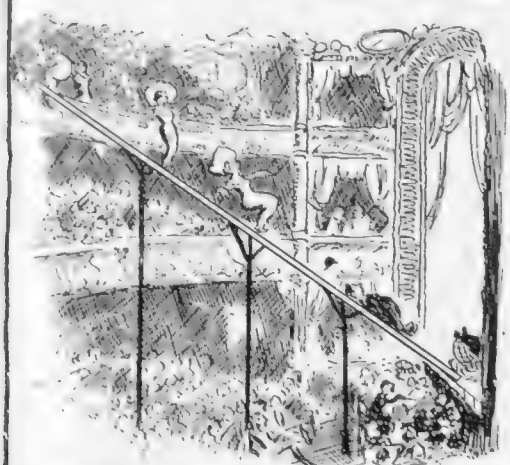
Sir Thomas lifts the CUP.



Something will have to be done to stem the mad rush for enlistment in the Territorial Army.

The pheasant will refuse it's normal food

The Dental Smile will go out of fashion in photographs of Musical Comedy favourites

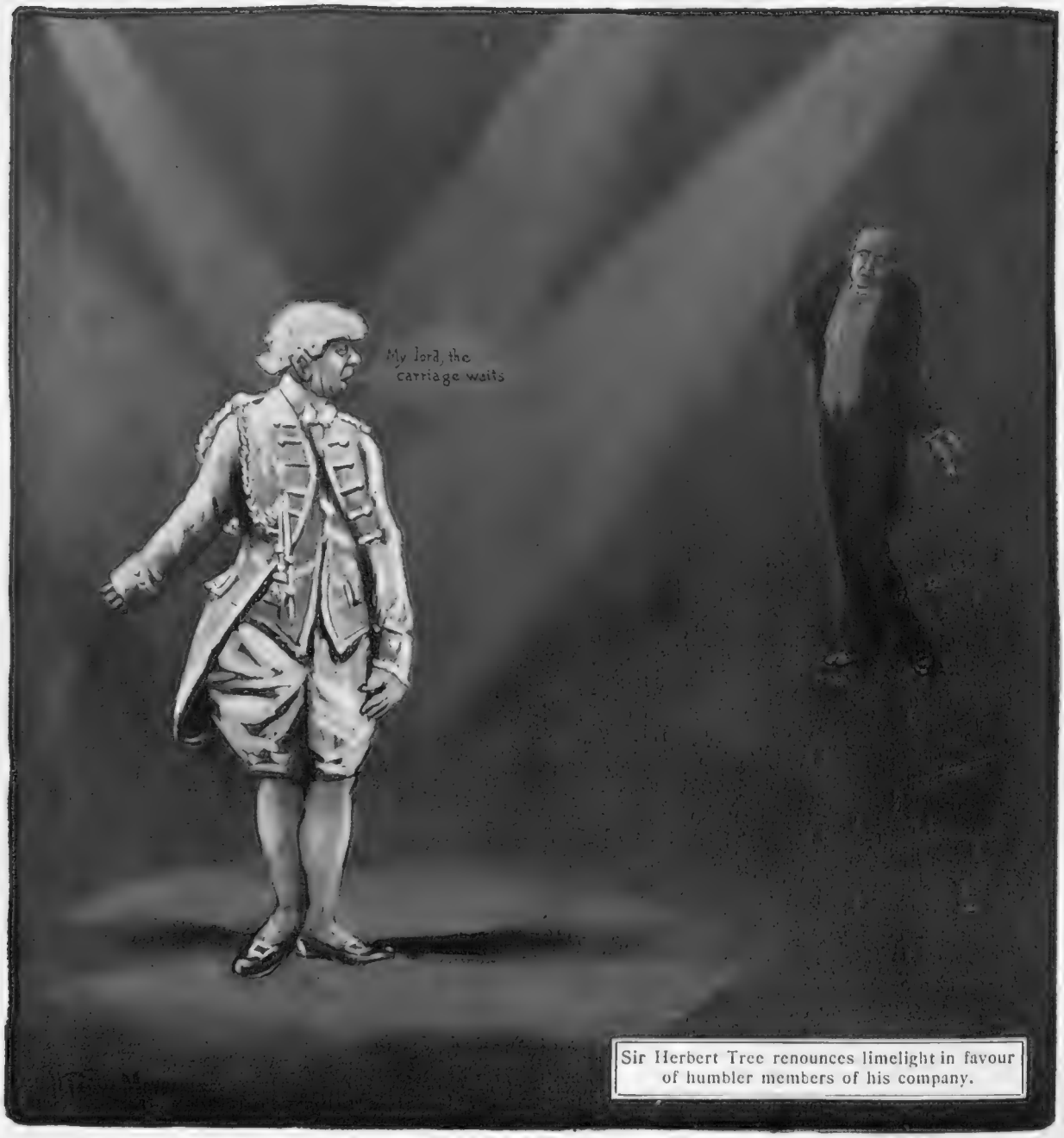


The gangway from the stage, through the stalls will be discarded in favour of this device.

The Shoshinee Islands will wrest the Tiddlywinks Championship from Great Britain

but one can be fairly sure that a good percentage of the unexpected will occur, and if one has oracular ambitions, the best thing to do is, so to speak, to back the unexpected. And we have backed it, through our artist, as above, and if none of the events predicted really happen—well, it won't be our fault!

"Bystander" Prophecies for the New Year—*(Concluded)*



Sir Herbert Tree renounces limelight in favour of humbler members of his company.

Above we reproduce two more of our prophecies for 1914. We must admit that they are about as unlikely as the rest—if not more so. But, as explained on the previous page, it is on that very account that we make them. So here's to the New Year—and in the spirit of the age of Delphi we pour out, here and now, our libation of Editorial ink!

The Bystander in PARIS

CLEANING UP FOR 1914

New Year Visitants

The gentleman who woke me wore a permeating smell and huge jack boots. He was the sewerman who always wishes it me happy and good every New Year's morning. I got rid of him (it cost tenpence), opened the windows, kicked two greedy telegraph boys and a postman downstairs, and threw their beastly little calendars after them, tried to get off to slumberland again (New Year Eves last till 3 a.m. at earliest), and then was called on to receive the greetings and a calendar from the gentleman who calls on me to collect my fire insurance. That took the Standard Bread! I made up my mind that although everything was perfection in England, Paris needed some improvement in 1914, so, as I might as well get into hot water at once as when the improvements are mentioned, I climbed into my bath and thought them out.

Lessons for Ministers

Jaurès and his brother Socialists are always talking of electoral reform and political redress without knowing in the least what is really needed. If anybody needs redress it is Jaurès, and, for that matter, all the French members of Parliament, for their clothes are shocking. In olden days when any of these fellows pulled a Government down, or became Ministers, or a combination of the two, they took their best clothes out of pawn, had them pressed, combed out their hair and whiskers, and contrived to get photographed in a state of comparative sleekness. It is fairly easy to look decent before a quiescent photographer, and a Minister of France can always borrow a marble column to lean on or an address book of the year before last to pore over and look as though his brow were furrowed with the cares of the Res Publica. But nowadays we cinematograph our Ministers.

Ministers Filmed

I was watching the present Cabinet on the screen the other afternoon. They really don't know the first thing about it. Monsieur Doumergue leaned on a balcony, and smiled a pathetic and extensive smile. Then he buttoned up his coat. Then he unbuttoned it. Then he scratched his nose (my first cinematograph lesson will be employed to teach French politicians to forget that they have a nose at all). Monsieur Fernand David, who is the Minister of Public Works, ought, of course, to have borrowed a wheelbarrow or a stonemason, and looked

"VIVE L'ENTENTE CORDIALE!"

The King Edward VII. monument which was privately unveiled in King Edward VII. Square, Paris, a few days ago for the inspection of the Ministry of Fine Arts. If only there were a Ministry of Fine Arts in England!

at them with interest. He didn't. He looked up and down, grinned helplessly, opened his eyes very widely, shrugged his shoulders, and obviously wondered what the next strike was going to be.

The Tax Collector

I don't want to say anything severe about Monsieur Caillaux, because he is a dangerous person with control of the income tax, and dresses better than his colleagues, anyway. He pulled up his collar, tickled the top of his bald head, looked as though he were wondering whether he could use it as advertising space for the new loan, then looked O.P. and giggled. I really expected to see Mademoiselle Mistinguett come on and do a Tango with him. Monsieur Noulens ought to have been playing with a cannon, for he is Minister of War. He read a newspaper upside down instead, and it was a Nationalist paper, too. As for Monis, I thought he was going to dance a hornpipe (he is Minister of Marine) till he bent down and pulled up his socks. No—literally, not metaphorically. It is quite time that a school was started, and Monsieur Max Linder and Whiffles (who is Mons. Prince) should be the first instructors.

About the Theatres

Then, before the water got cold, I made my mind up that extensive changes were necessary in the Paris theatres. Now that we are beginning 1914, it is certainly time to sweep up and clean up a lot of abuses. In Paris the theatres charge twelve-and-six for a stall. In consequence Parisians either do not go to the theatre at all now, or go on the cheap. So as not to be empty the managements make arrangements by which people in the know buy tickets at half price through agencies and they take it out of the poor public in other ways. Supposing you don't know, and pay fourteen francs for a stall, your hand is kept dancing in and out of your pocket all the evening. There is no such thing as a free programme. You pay as much as tenpence for it. When you get it you have great difficulty in finding the names of the players in the swamp of advertisements, and you can't read it in comfort anyway, because you are sandwiched in a very tight stall between two fat ladies, and you have a crick in your neck from trying to look at the stage through the forest of aigrettes in front of you.

A Remedy

If this abuse of aigrettes doesn't stop, I shall invite some gentlemen from the New York Customs over to Paris with their scissors and give them free seats in the Paris theatres in 1914. Boiling oil will do for the *ouvreuse* and her *petit service*, the *placeuse*, who demands a tip, though she never knows where your seat is, and the harpy with her *petit banc*. Other reforms which I would introduce are——. Ah, the tea is ready. *Encore de l'eau chaude, mon Dieu!*

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

BAD RESOLUTIONS: A NEW YEAR'S ARCANUM

How to be Good

The Berlin Bystander expects a virtuous and peaceful 1914. It will be the fruit of Bad Resolutions. Other men make Good Resolutions on the eve of each New Year; and break them through weakness of will. They sow good intentions, and the crops are levity, laziness, excess, debts, bad terms with one's wife, unduly good terms with other men's wives. All sorts of weaknesses. The sole way to avoid these weaknesses—the arcanum of New Year's peace of soul—is to make not Good but Bad Resolutions; and to trust to one's feebleness of will to do the rest.

Dr. Gamradt

His dear old friend, Herr Dr. Ing. Gamradt, gave this arcanum to the Berlin Bystander. Dr. Gamradt had not been seen since Christmas, 1912. He then looked distinctly the worse for wear. He was dressed in a blend of slovenliness and nutto-bloody pertness which ill-becomes a man of forty; he was flabby; he had pale cheeks and rosy nose; his gait was Secessionist. He was wobbling down the Friedrichstrasse at four on Christmas morning.

Unrecognisable

When on the morning of Christmas, 1913, the Berlin Bystander next met Herr Dr. Ing. Gamradt, he was walking rigidly towards the entrance of the Evangelical Virtues League. The Berlin Bystander hardly knew him. It was not the old Herr Dr. Ing. Gamradt. It was a new, redeemed, regenerated, spiritualised Herr Dr. Gamradt; a Dr. Gamradt with rosy cheeks and pale nose; with the gait of a teetotaller; and the gaiters of a Prussian Provincial President.

Refreshing Fruit

"It's the fruit of Bad Resolutions," said Herr Dr. Ing. Gamradt, in reply to the Berlin Bystander's gasp, "I'm a changed man. For forty years of my life I'd been on the wrong, the hopelessly wrong tack of making Good Resolutions once a year, which, through weakness of will, I was bound to break. But about a year ago I had a brilliant, an apocalyptically genial, idea. This idea was that perhaps Bad Resolutions might prove fruitful where Good Resolutions failed."

On Rising and Retiring

Herr Dr. Ing. Gamradt recounted how he spent the whole of December 31, 1912, making Bad Resolutions—in every domain. "Take, for instance, my vicious habit of going to bed at four every morning, and rising at noon. For 1913 I firmly made the Bad Resolution to go to bed at six in the morning, and rise at two p.m. In regard to my wife I made a second Bad Resolution. Instead of snapping at her angrily when she offered me luncheon at noon instead of coffee and rolls, I resolved to throw the luncheon at her head. And I made a third Bad Resolution concerning my deaf, rich, childless uncle, Herr Commercial Councillor Althahn, who owns a brewery at Zerbst, and a big estate at Minden-in-Westphalia."

Althahn and Faulbein

For 1912 Dr. Gamradt explained, he had made the Good Resolution to abandon his dangerous trick of yawning at his deaf uncle's conversation. The only result of this Good Resolution was that all 1912 he yawned so cavernously that it seemed he wanted to swallow his uncle's ear-trumpet. So on last New Year's Day he formed a Bad Resolution to yawn as cavernously as if he wanted to swallow not only the trumpet, but also the Minden estate. He made the further Bad Resolutions: to ignore Herr Tailor Faulbein's unpaid bills; and to spend three nights a week at the *Palais de Danse*.

Herr Gamradt Reforms

On New Year's morning, 1913, Herr Dr. Ing. Gamradt awoke inexplicably, and for the first time since 1890, at the monstrous hour of 8 a.m. And like a flash sped through Herr Gamradt's brain the memory: "I made a Bad Resolution to lie in bed till three. I shall keep it." But hardly had Dr. Gamradt remembered his Bad Resolution when the will and courage to execute it fled; and within twenty seconds he was out of bed, shivering in an icy tub.

Bad Resolutions Broken

And thereafter came a series of miracles unexampled in Herr Dr. Ing. Gamradt's life. When at 8.30 Herr Dr. Gamradt descended, fresh and rosy, and eager for morning coffee, he found *deutsches Beefsteak* and *Pökelkamm*. A wave of fury seized him. Determined to carry out remorselessly his New Year's Bad Resolution, he lifted the shameless dishes, intending to hurl them at his wife. But when the moment for execution came, the will to persist in his bad resolve disappeared inexplicably, and bewildered Herr Dr. Gamradt heard his own soft voice saying tenderly: "That's a nice, solid meal, Mieze sweetest, for an early-riser. Not every man has a dear little wife, who thinks of her loving hubby."

Not Bored

At mid-day, expecting to find his lazy nephew barely out of bed, came Herr Commercial Councillor Althahn. He stuck his trump in his deafer ear, and began to read aloud the new Schöneberg *Strassenordnung* limiting the superficies of illuminated sky-signs. Herr Dr. Ing. Gamradt remembered his Bad Resolution to yawn defiantly in his uncle's face; and he made a desperate effort to put the resolve in effect. But again his hopelessly weak will betrayed him. His half-opened jaws mildly joined, and with respectful nephewly urbanity out came the ingratiating sentence: "How amazingly interesting, uncle! Did you read that in Union Square, New York, there is a sky-sign eighty yards long?"

A New Man

That was on the First of January. Before the day was out Herr Dr. Gamradt had broken three-fourths of his Bad Resolutions. Later on things got worse. When Herr Tailor Faulbein sent in an overdue bill for marks 973, Dr. Gamradt fiercely rehearsed his Bad Resolution to pay no bills in 1913. He nevertheless ignominiously paid; and added 5 per cent. for the delay. When on March 4 Dr. Gamradt started for the *Palais de Danse*, unshakeably resolved to stay there till six next morning, his will-power fled as he entered the porch; and by the end of 1913 he was a radically changed, fundamentally reformed, beneficially irresolute man.

Photograph Wilse

LUCKY PONY!

A bewitching Norwegian maiden, wearing the pretty national costume, out ski-ing

A Nation of Winter Sportsmen

SCENE AT ONE OF THE GREAT NATIONAL MEETINGS
A GROUP OF SKI-ING COMPETITORS

SNOW SPORTS IN SCANDINAVIA: CHARMS OF THE NORWEGIAN CENTRES

By ARTHUR J. IRELAND

Winter Sport History

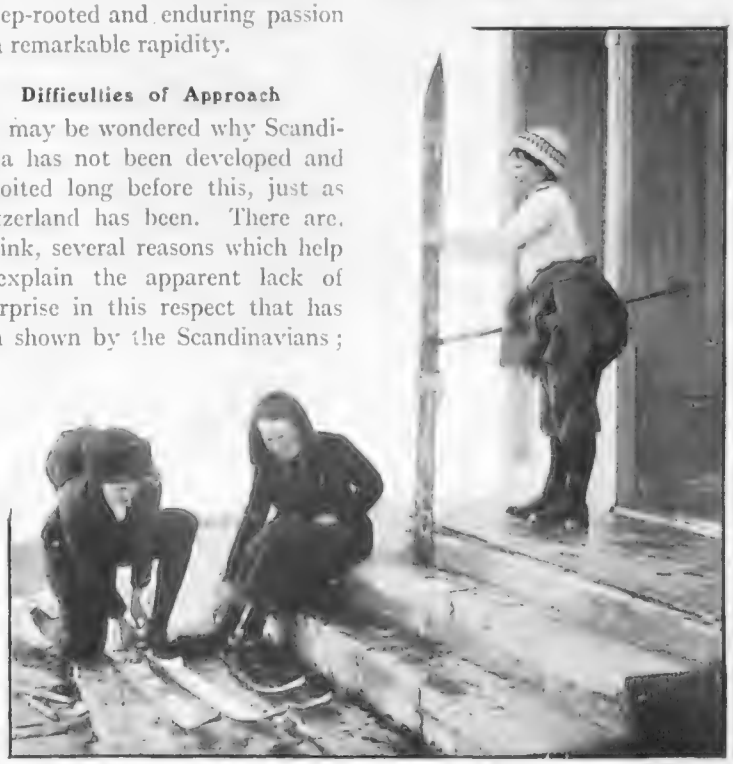
ALTHOUGH it is quite correct to speak of snow sports as being a fashion of comparatively recent growth, it is very far from being accurate to assume that they are of recent origin. There is ample historical evidence to prove that ski-ing, skating, and tobogganing—all of which are now cultivated and practised purely as winter pastimes—can trace their ancestry into the remote past, when they were of the greatest value as means of travelling in those countries which are snowbound during many months of the year, instead of being merely the distractions of the idle and rich. During the long, rigorous winters which prevail in these lands, wheeled vehicles cannot travel at all; so the wheels are removed from all kinds of carriages and carts, which are thus transformed into sleighs by the adjustment of long, curved runners. And in the same lands, the frozen waters having become unnavigable and the snow-covered country impassable for pedestrians, means had to be found which would enable the people to travel from place to place, whether in discharge of their duties or in pursuit of their pleasures.

In Scandinavia

It would be indeed vain in the very brief space available here to attempt to trace the history of the skate, the toboggan, or the ski. It is enough that they exist, and that they add to the pleasure of thousands; for my purpose is merely to tell of the joys of the snow sports which are obtainable in Scandinavia, the very home of these splendid pastimes, the love of which has developed into a deep-rooted and enduring passion with remarkable rapidity.

Difficulties of Approach

It may be wondered why Scandinavia has not been developed and exploited long before this, just as Switzerland has been. There are, I think, several reasons which help to explain the apparent lack of enterprise in this respect that has been shown by the Scandinavians; and first and foremost of these is the fact that until comparatively recently Norway and Sweden were difficult to get at during the winter. Denmark, on the other hand, which is, strictly speaking, a Scandinavian country, has not been so handicapped, and it has always been a popular resort of skaters.



Photographs *Wilse*

HOME AGAIN

A happy family return from a run on the deep snow

The North for Snow

Now, however, luxurious boats and fast trains enable visitors to travel to all parts of Scandinavia quickly and comfortably; and the dawn of a new era in the history of these countries has broken, which should bring them ever-increasing popularity and prosperity. Switzerland, it is true, has become the most celebrated snow sports centre in Europe, and it will be sometime before either Norway or Sweden can successfully challenge her right to supremacy; but already a number of people are turning their faces towards the north, and not towards the south, in search of snow.

In all the Scandinavian countries snow sports can be enjoyed under the most delightful conditions, and much might be said about the fame of each: but for the moment I must confine my attention to Norway, the real home—the birthplace—of ski-ing. And I do not hesitate to assert that everybody who makes for the fjelds of Norway—a country of unsurpassed beauty and grandeur—this winter will return fully satisfied.

Selecting a Centre

It would be an easy and congenial task to dwell at length upon the sheer delights of winter sports, without deigning to go into details concerning localities and ways and means of reaching them. People who have once enjoyed these sports, among that wonderful combination of snow and sunshine which makes them so exhilarating a pastime, cannot fail to be enthusiastic—and correspondingly uninformative; but for the sake of those who are in search of counsel and hints the inclination to dilate must be sternly checked. And so I must come to a more or less detailed consideration of the peculiar claims and charms of the Norwegian sporting centres.

In Norway winter begins early and stays late. This is a safe generalisation; but, nevertheless, care should be exercised in the selection of a centre. For instance, in the immediate neighbourhood of the principal cities—such as Christiania, Bergen, or Trondhjem—good sports of all kinds can be obtained; but it is on the high plains above the tree-line, locally known as fjelds, that the finest ski-ing grounds are to be found. And as ski-ing is as much the national sport of Norway as fox-hunting or cricket are the national pastimes of England, it is only natural that it is to the skier that the country will most irresistibly appeal. Grand skating, fine tobogganing, and the exciting and delightful sport of driving in sleighs drawn by reindeer, which is also characteristic of the country, are also to be had everywhere; but it is as a ski-ing country that Norway stands pre-eminent.

SKI-DRIVING IS A POPULAR PASTIME

YOUNG NORWAY FEARLESSLY TOBOGGANS

Photographs *Wilse*

ON THE NORWEGIAN FJELDS: THE START FOR CROSS-COUNTRY RACE

Four Months of Sport

As a generalisation, it is safe to say that all over Norway good winter sports are obtainable from Christmas onwards, until from the middle of March to the middle of April. But at many of the high-lying

Studies in Black and White

Photographs

ON THE TREE-LINE

Throughout Norway, it is above the tree-line that the best ski-ing grounds are found

Wilse

OUTPOSTS OF CIVILISATION

Hardy pines which mark the limit of vegetation, and guard the frontier of the skier's paradise

Norway in Winter's Grip

A ROLLING EXPANSE OF SNOW AND CLOUD
Norwegian Snowscape on the Fjelds

Photographs *Wilse*

THE IRON HIGHWAY TO THE FJELDS
A Norwegian Railway Bridge

places they can be enjoyed much earlier, and onwards until May; and in some places, such as Finse, the highest point reached by the Christiania-Bergen Railway — which is some four thousand feet above the level of the sea—they are obtainable almost the whole year round. At Finse, for example, an important sporting meeting takes place each year on Midsummer-day. And it is important to note that at all these places moderate-priced and quite good accommodation can be had, although it is only right to warn prospective visitors that they will not find "palace" hotels at any of the centres except the great cities.

A CALL FOR REFRESHMENTS—CHARMING HOSPITALITY IS SHOWN TO THE TRAVELLER EVERYWHERE

Routes to Norway

The routes by which Norway can be reached are many, and the time of year at which the journey is being made will, no doubt, determine the choice of many travellers. It is possible to go direct by sea from Hull, Newcastle, Harwich, Leith, or London to various ports in Norway or Sweden — and, given good weather, no more delightful route than one of these could be selected. During the winter, however, it will be wiser to select one of the short cross-channel crossings, and to complete the journey by rail. Whichever route is selected it will be found that the fares are moderate, and the accommodation provided on the boats and by the railways is excellent.

Information

Absolutely reliable information concerning the state of the weather is obtainable from the great tourist agencies in London, and many useful details, which travellers will find extremely welcome, are cheerfully supplied by the Norway Travel Bureau, 179, Strand, London, W.C.

Given so much information, the selection of a suitable centre should be an easy matter; but I strongly counsel visitors to make their plans for reaching the interior when they arrive at Christiania. Once there, all will be plain sailing; and it must be remembered that most of the outlying centres at present consist of nothing more than a few—sometimes only one or two isolated hotels. Under ordinary circumstances, however, the attractions of the great ski-ing centres of Holmenkollen and Voksenkollen, which are both within easy reach of the capital, will prove strong enough to keep visitors in Christiania for some considerable time—especially if they happen to arrive at about the time of the famous ski-ing competitions, which take place at Holmenkollen each year in February and March.

After they have had their fill of Christiania and its sports, it will be time enough to think about moving on, and then ample information can be obtained on the spot. Indeed, during the winter ski-talk is as general in Norway as golf-talk is in England at all times of the year, and everybody is willing to help the stranger in this land of real and charming hospitality with advice and hints.

Ski-ing for All

Everybody skies in Norway, from the members of the Royal family down to the lowliest peasant, and neither age nor sex appears to be any bar to their enjoyment. Throughout the winter the most glorious weather generally prevails; but owing to the shortness of the days it is advisable to visit the country not earlier than the end of January or the beginning of February. At this season of the year a nation on skis will be found—and a very merry nation it is, too—and in every part of this beautiful country it seems to be regarded as a most sacred duty by everyone to brighten the life of the stranger in the land.

Photographs *Wrist*

INTERIOR OF A NORWEGIAN COUNTRY COTTAGE, WHERE SKIERS ARE WELCOMED AND ENTERTAINED

Sunshine and Snow

THE DEEP SNOW AND BRILLIANT SUNSHINE TRANSFORM THE TREELESS FJELDS INTO A WHITE PARADISE

Photographs *Wilse*

SKI-ING GROUNDS ON THE CHRISTIANIA-BERGEN RAILWAY, AND A COUPLE OF EXPERT SKIERS

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

EVERYTHING points to an interesting 1914. Without consulting "Old Moore's Almanack," and entirely off our own bats, we are able to prophesy that in the Earlier part of the Year, Much will be heard of a Neighbouring Island, coupled with the Name of a Distinguished Barrister.

* * *

Later on, there will be a dinner of the utmost Political Importance, at which a well-known Prime Minister may possibly come to terms with a Canny Leader of the Opposition, as a result of which a large number of old rifles, at present stored in cellars, will be sold at auction, and bought in by the War Office for the use of the Army Reserve.

* * *

This may cause a panic among a Teutonic People, who will proceed to Mobilise their Army, thus creating a scarcity of waiters in London. As a consequence of being kept waiting for their food, many people will suffer from Indigestion, and there will be a Boom in Patent Medicines.

* * *

Postmen will strike in February. Dustmen in March. Railwaymen in April. Parlourmaids in May. Farmers in June. Landlords in July. A band of patriotic "nuts" will, however, save the situation by doing all the work in purple socks, after which things will go on as before, with the exception that the Guatemalan Tango will take the place of the Argentine and Brazilian.

* * *

But enough of prophesy. Why is Mr. Churchill not going to stay in Germany after all? It was rumoured that he was going because Germany desired an *entente*, and perhaps that is the reason why he is not going.

* * *

"Under the influence of the night-clubs," says a contemporary, "the interval between night and day is disappearing, and London is practically becoming nightless." Haven't you noticed yourself how men are having their pyjamas altered into day-suits, as the only possible chance of wearing them out?

* * *

"In a lecture to Post Office officials a few days ago a telephone expert produced a series of curves to illustrate the complaints and fault-findings of subscribers." Subscribers will be interested to know that their complaints are not entirely neglected, as they supposed, but on the contrary go to swell this ingenious series of curves.

* * *

Colonel Seely's announcement that he is pleased rather than otherwise by the fact that foreign Governments are buying English horses in large quantities seems to have been misunderstood. Colonel Seely's glee is, of course, based on the idea of how disgusted the Germans, when they land in this country, will be when they find that we have exported all our horses and there are none left to commandeer.

* * *

"Fifty per cent. of the inventions patented by women in 1913 are concerned with matters of dress." Of inventions by women in 1913 that have not been patented there is no record, but we imagine quite 99 per cent. are concerned with setting fire to things.

* * *

A monkey in Paris which saw its mistress taking cocaine has now contracted the drug habit itself. We hope this will be a lesson to the lady in question, and that the thought that they may be putting temptation in the way of their innocent pets will prevent other ladies from acquiring this dreadful practice.

* * *

So that human energy may not go to waste in the mere exercise of the muscles, a Frenchman has invented a bicycle with a small dynamo and storage battery attached, with the result that the work done with the bicycle in the daytime can be used to light the house in the evening. A thrifty folk, the French

TACTFUL SYMPATHY

PROUD FATHER: "Everyone says he's the very image of me"
FACETIOUS FRIEND: "I shouldn't worry about that—so long as he's healthy"

By Hutton Mitchell

The Rake's Progress

A STUDY IN NEW YEAR IRRESOLUTIONS

BY G. E. STUDDY

The Suffrage-Impasse

A FEW FACTS ABOUT JOURNALISTS, SUFFRAGETTES, AND MINISTERS

LAST summer I was motoring in the Lake District, and as we passed through a village I noticed, outside the post-office, a contents bill of a London daily. "Break-Up of the W.S.P.U." it read. I stopped the car, spent a halfpenny, and learnt that a member of the daily's staff, having been commissioned to inquire into the affairs of the Women's Social and Political Union, had obtained reliable information justifying the statement that the Kingsway suffragettes were at the end of their resources, financial, physical, and philosophical. The Cat and Mouse Act had done the trick at last. No more martyrs were available and no more subscriptions. Former adherents were dropping away by the score. The movement was crushed.

But is it crushed?

I open that same paper to-day and find a whole column devoted to news concerning the doings of the society and to a meeting at which they collected fifteen thousand pounds.

It is now more than a year since, writing a small contribution which happened to allude *en passant* to suffragettes, I was told by my editor to cut out that sentence. "Suffragettism, as a news item, is stale" he said; "the public are sick of it. I shouldn't be surprised if we never refer to it again in this paper." He has had columns of it since then. Exasperatedly he is aware that he is constantly giving the suffragettes a free advertisement. He doesn't want to. Apart from the fact that he loathes the idea of women getting votes, he is utterly weary of the subject as a subject. But he cannot ignore it. A good news-story is a good news-story. When Mrs. Pankhurst returned from America he sent a special correspondent to meet her. For weeks he had published messages to the effect that her star had set, that her tour had been a frost, and that she had lost her influence with her public. But when she came back he was as keen as anyone to get an account of her arrival. No editor in England could disregard it.

In short, England has still got to put up with the suffragettes. Parliament has in vain undergone the pangs of the birth of a new law and produced a mouse and cat. (Does anybody know the Act's real name, by-the-by?) If that Act has done the slightest good, one fails to perceive it. As far as a mere Bystander can judge, arson has rather increased than diminished, and hardly any of the fire-raisers are being caught. Then there was that idiotic prosecution of *The Suffragette* people. Has *The Suffragette* been suppressed? On the contrary. It is shoved under my nose at street corners oftener than before. The only copy which I have lately perused was one of several issues containing a series of articles on morality. They were so frankly worded that they had a vogue in circles usually addicted to "sporting" literature, and that the articles were penned by an unmarried woman was (I gather) an offence against decency in the eyes of certain fathers and mothers of families. Personally I disagreed with the arguments of the only article I tackled. I thought them inhuman. But the plain-speaking, as such, seemed to me all to the good. I wish my own journals would permit me to write equally plainly. I venture to think I might turn out some matter vastly more entertaining than that by which I normally earn my bread. At all events, *The Suffragette*, so far from being abolished, is now in process of printing what no other paper in the Kingdom would print without fear of punishment. That is the nett result of the action taken against it by the authorities.

What was the government to do? "A short way with the suffragettes"—this was what the country demanded. Of course the shortest way of all would have been to give them the vote. But the government, loudly protesting that it was not going to be terrorised, was far too terror-stricken to adopt *that* remedy. After what has happened, no government dare introduce a Votes-for-Women bill. On the other hand, no government dare face a country which asks why the deuce they can't stop militancy. That is the *impasse*. When—as will presently occur—a Unionist Government takes office, they will be in exactly the same quandary. Tories do not want women to be given the vote, any more than the Radicals want it: rather less, indeed. They will be faced by two alternatives: either the continuance of the Cat and Mouse business, plus more arson outrages, or the starving to death of a succession of female prisoners, again plus the said arson outrages. Theoretically, the death of a few leading suffragettes in prison would discourage the rest. I doubt it. But even if it did—even if a further supply of women willing to die did not promptly appear—we are so sentimental a nation that the balance of sympathy would almost certainly swing suffragettewards. There would be an emotional outcry. The government which allowed suffragettes to die in prison would fall, or would have to do precisely what they had meant to avoid, namely, introduce a female suffrage bill. Martyrdom—however fatuous—is a grand advertisement.

These are the facts which stare us in the face. The *impasse* is hopeless. If you pop every suffragette in the land into prison (including those dreadfully influential titled ones) and there let them die, a fresh generation will grow up from flapperhood in a few years, worse than the previous one; moreover, those deaths, as I say, would never "pay" any party but that of the suffragettes themselves.

Perhaps the only all-round remedy would be the total abolition of the vote and of parliamentary government. There is much to be said for the plan. And one of the things which I myself should say is this. I scorn the political farce. I never use my vote. But if any candidate in my constituency proposes to come and take my vote away from me, I shall use it, for once—to "out" him. And if he still succeeds, and helps to pass an Act which takes away my vote I foresee that (so perverse is human nature) I shall begin to take lessons in arson.

WARD MUIR.

Present Day Types

No. I.—THE SUFFRAGETTE

BY ARTHUR WATTS

"The Last Hours of the Dying Year"

NEW YEAR'S EVE—ACCORDING TO THE BEST ENGLISH TRADITIONS: A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY TAKEN AT BEDFORD

BY BASIL SCHÖN

The Navy from Within

PROLOGUE: NELSON'S NAVY

By A NAVAL OFFICER

NOTE.—*Each of these sketches is intended to show some side of Naval life, which is missed, as a rule, by the outside author. The first, "Nelson's Navy," is intended as a prologue, and also as a contrast to the remaining sketches, which will deal with the Navy of to-day.*

THE lady came aft, supported on one side by the Sergeant of Marines, and on the other by the Master-at-Arms.

She was overwhelmingly buxom, and even more overwhelmingly drunk.

With difficulty, her supporters brought her to a stand in front of the First Lieutenant. She surveyed him with lack-lustre eye, and made a futile attempt to cast herself into his arms.

"Hallo! cocky," she remarked genially.

The First Lieutenant eyed her sternly.

"You're drunk as a fiddler's sow," he said, coldly, "and only this morning I gave you permission to sail in the ship, if you promised to be respectable. Have you got anything to say?"

The lady hiccoughed gently, and murmured something about "Shayin' good-bysh to dear old Pompeysh."

The First Lieutenant turned to the Master-at-Arms.

"Who's her husband?" he demanded.

"Bosun's mate Noggins, sir," replied the Master-at-Arms. "He's already in irons for trying to chuck one of the Marines through a gun-port."

The lady lifted her head, and began to take some slight interest in the conversation.

"Serve the old fool right," she announced, "'E—'e shed I wash drunksh—dearie."

"So you are," retorted the First Lieutenant, without emotion. "Chuck her down into the bumboat, Master-at-Arms."

The lady resisted.

"I'd have yer know I'm a respectable married woman," she explained, "an—ansh I'm not goin' in the boatsh."

"Chuck her down," again ordered the First Lieutenant.

The Master-at-Arms and the Sergeant of Marines formed a "bandy-chair" between them, and attempted to half hustle, half carry their prisoner to the gangway.

At first she hardly seemed to realise their intentions, but a moment later she had dug the nails of her right hand firmly into the rotund cheek of the Master-at-Arms, whilst her left performed a similar service for the Sergeant of Marines. With cries of anguish, they released their burden, and a moment later she had escaped their clutches and, armed with a large wooden belaying pin, had set her back against the mainmast.

"Come on, for a set of wormy Westcountrymen," she shrieked, triumphantly.

The First Lieutenant lost his temper, and shouted a number of regrettable things, and the Master-at-Arms and the Sergeant of Marines might, very possibly, have found themselves disrated and tasting the "cat" next morning, but for the fact that some of the dockyard men were still employed aloft varnishing.

As the lady stood with weapon uplifted, a bight of rope suddenly dropped over her head and shoulders, and, before she could disentangle herself, she was triced up by her arms clear of the deck.

Then the Master-at-Arms and the Sergeant of Marines partially regained their courage, and approaching warily, for the lady was kicking out lustily in all directions, succeeded in securing her feet with the end of the gangway whip. After that she gave no further trouble.

They triced her up, delicately, by her feet to the gangway davit, and lowered her, head first, amidst a surprising display of red flannel petticoats and—other things, into the waiting bumboat.

"Serve the old devil right," remarked the First Lieutenant, and now he turned to the waiting Boatswain.

"Turn up the hands, Bosun," he ordered, "the Captain wants to speak to them."

The Bosun rushed to the nearest hatchway with a shrill wail of his pipe, and:

"D'ye hear there! All hands on deck. Everybody in the waist!" he bellowed.

His mates took up the pipe and the order, and with rattan or rope's-end in hand, drove the mixed mob of jail-birds and landsmen on to the upper deck, where they crowded aft to the break of the poop, and awaited the Captain's pleasure.

At last he appeared from his cabin, and, walking to the poop rail, looked down upon the ragged mass of humanity, upon whom he had to depend for the working of the ship during the forthcoming cruise.

The Captain was a short, stocky, little man, clad in dignity, and a spotless uniform.

His expression was benign, but he was a man of few words, though what he said was to the point.

"You're the lowest lot of scum I ever set eyes on," he told them, "but, by God! I'll make men of you before you leave this ship. Don't forget that I command this ship, and obey orders at the rush if you want to keep out of the way of the cat. Another thing is this; you will always pay proper respect to your officers.

"Indeed, if you happen to pass a midshipman's round jacket hung up to dry, you will salute it, just to show your respects to your betters. Lastly, remember I'll have no swearing or profane language on board this ship, and, by God! I'll wring the neck of

every sanguinary son of a sea-cook that disobeys this order."

He finished abruptly, and turned to the waiting First Lieutenant.

"Muster your watches!" he ordered.

The First Lieutenant touched his cap.

"Ay, ay, sir," he said, and turned away to obey the order, but the Captain called him back.

"How many women aboard this trip, Symes?" he asked.

"Ten, sir," the First Lieutenant told him. "All wives either of warrant officers or trustworthy men."

The Captain nodded.

"No stowaways, I suppose?"

"None, sir," said the First Lieutenant. He lied, but he did not know it.

In a few minutes the First Lieutenant had sorted out the ruck of the crew. The trained seamen he told off for duty in the fore-top; the next best he placed in the main-top; the pick of the remainder he ordered on to the poop to look after the mizen, and the dregs he told off for braces and deck tackles in the waist.

For an hour he drove them up and down the rigging at sail drill. For an hour more the lieutenants of gun-decks showed their prison scrapings the way to fight a gun, and then they were turned over to the Bosun, and the decks were holystoned, and the messes fumigated with vinegar.

At last they were sent down to a dinner that consisted of salt beef, that was too tough for them even to fix their teeth in; biscuits that were full of weevils; rancid butter; and half a gallon of beer.

They did not eat because they could not, but they did drink, and the men with the weaker heads soon discovered that their speech was becoming thickened. They did not mind this much, for their spirits had become correspondingly raised.

But ten minutes later the Master-at-Arms, prowling round the decks, discovered this fact as well, and, scenting out every case with unerring judgment, put them in irons, ready for "defaulters" and the cat in the morning.

* * * * *

A week later, with a feeling of repletion, induced by a large meal of government cheese and biscuit, eaten in the darkest place obtainable, on the principle of the mind not grieving about what the eye did not see—in other words, to hide from sight the long red worms in the cheese and the weevils in the biscuits, these prison scrapings were piped suddenly to "quarters" to fight a French frigate that had appeared above the horizon.

With a cheer that was instantly checked they set to work to clear the ship for action. They stripped to the waist, so that they might be the freer to move about, and half their backs showed raw where the lash of the cat had cut through skin and flesh.

But now, they cared not at all, as they waited placidly and happily at their guns for the order to fire.

The French ship, far better designed than the clumsy British, manœuvred up upon her weather bow; a single shot splashed into the water astern; and then the order came.

Hell reigned on the gun-decks—and worse than hell changed the accustomed quiet of the orlop deck, as the midshipmen's mess table groaned beneath its burden of maimed bodies, waiting for oblivion or the surgeon's saw.

* * * * *

The First Lieutenant fell back and groaned.

He did not attempt to rise, because he could not.

His last conscious sight of his surroundings had shown him the lower portion of his right leg propped, disconsolately against an overturned gun-carriage, flung there by the French shot which had so neatly removed it from the rest of his anatomy.

Then he heard a voice, which he vaguely seemed to recognise.

"Leave him to me," it said, "the cock-pit's full o' corpses as it is, I'll look after poor old Cocky."

A strange feeling of comfort stole over him, but he did not open his eyes until he felt something, cold and hard, laid against the stump of his leg. A moment later the stump seemed to become tightly compressed.

He did not know it, but the possessor of the voice had saved his life, with a skilfully applied tourniquet consisting of a marline-spike, wound round and round with spunyarn.

"Has she struck yet?" he asked sleepily.

A voice laughed.

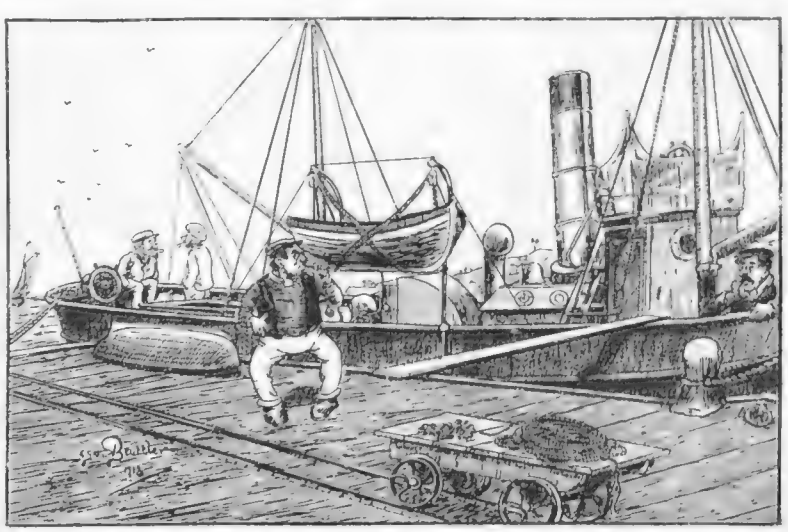
"By Gawd! yes," it replied, "five minutes ago. We gave 'em 'ell."

The First Lieutenant opened his eyes for the first time since he had fallen, and memory came back with a rush.

"What the blazes are you doing here?" he demanded, through pain-clenched teeth, gazing sternly at the overwhelmingly buxom figure before him. "I ordered you out of the ship at Portsmouth."

The lady laughed wheezily.

"I know you did, Cocky," she explained. "But, bless yer! I don't take notice o' little things like that. I climbed back again into her, ten minutes later, through one of the lower deck gun-ports."



IT COULDN'T BE DONE

SEAMAN ON BOARD: "Comin' aboard, mate?"

SEAMAN ON SHORE: "What der yer take me for? A bloomin' grasshopper!"

By E. G. O. Beuttler

NEXT WEEK—

"THE LAW OF THE DIRK SCABBARD"

BY THE SAME CONTRIBUTOR

Christmas Day on a Destroyer

BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER

Some Novels

There are some exceedingly fine things in Arthur Schnitzler's novel, *The Road to the Open* (Howard Latimer: 6*s*.), but whether it will be to the taste of the general reader in this country is another question. It is a long book, very serious, and rather diffuse. For the first two hundred pages one is in doubt as to its chief theme. The young Baron George von Wergenthin, is the protagonist, but most of his friends and acquaintances seem to be Jews, and one feels that the book is going to prove a Zionist tract or something of that kind. Apparently, however, Herr Schnitzler's chief purpose is to unfold the soul of an artistic young man, who after several amorous excursions takes for his mistress the respectable Anna Rosner. A child is born, breathes once, and dies; and so many of George's friends seem to think that the *liaison* is, therefore, at an end, that I suspect George of coming to the same conclusion. He is not a bad fellow in his way, but I doubt whether he was worth four hundred closely printed pages. As a mere story *The Road to the Open* is not particularly good; as a series of psychological pictures it is unusually interesting. And the translation has been done most admirably by Mr. Horace Samuel.

MISS F. TENNYSON JESSE
Whose first novel, "The Milky Way," is reviewed on this page

Open-Air Stories

Two rather picturesque novels, recently issued, challenge comparison. Both are stories of the cheeriest possible kind. Neither has much of a plot, but neither wants much of a plot. One is called *Cake* (Murray: 6*s*.), by Bohun Lynch, the other is *The Milky Way* (Heinemann: 6*s*.), by Miss Tennyson Jesse. In the first of these books there is a charming happy-go-lucky young man called Billy and a nice girl for him called, ridiculously enough, Ermyntrude. (Very rightly Billy refuses to call her anything but Jane.) The two of them meet an odd lot of people, and generally manage to have a good time. But their adventures by no means fill the book, for there are the Luffinghams, who are left some money on the condition that they take the appalling name of Tibshelf—they do, by the way—and there are the Bances, dear folk, and there is a queer sort of parson, whose appearance in the pages of a book is something to be thankful for. Bohun Lynch—a lady, I wonder?—writes in a most entertaining way. *Cake* is not a title I should have chosen myself, but there it is, and very ready to be cut.

"The Milky Way"

Miss Tennyson Jesse's first novel is even more lighthearted. It is rather more coherent, too, than *Cake*, but, then, it is written in the first person. It is the autobiography of an unconventional young person who, I am sure, is rather more physically attractive than she will admit. This Miss "Viv" Lovel starts off by taking a passage in an old steam-tramp. On board she discovers a curious person called Peter. There is a wreck, and the fun begins. Viv plunges into a dozen scatter-brained adventures. She and Peter join a strolling theatrical company, find a baby and adopt it, discover the whereabouts of a gentleman wanted by the police, allow him to go, act with him in another strolling company, sell flowers and draw pictures on the London pavements, and generally behave in a very mad way. Their marriage at the end was inevitable from the beginning, but Viv is great on "platonics," although Peter very obviously is not. Peter is not unlike Billy of *Cake*, and Viv bears some resemblance to Jane. Comparisons are said to be odious, however—they aren't really—and so the best thing to do will be for readers to put both these books on to their library lists.

"Green Girl"

Readers of Mrs. Henry Tippett's *The Waster* will welcome her new novel, *Green Girl* (Long: 6*s*.). Here, again, we have the unconventional young lady. Janette's parents were unable to get married, which, perhaps, accounts for her own dislike of that old-fashioned ceremony. In Paris she sees no harm in "keeping house" with Silly Boy, and only a promise to her aunt sends her back to England for a miserable two years with "respectable" people. Her marriage to a wealthy landowner is quite understandable, and Mrs. Tippett's skill is shown in the rather terrible scenes after the wedding. The book is very brightly written, and runs on with a gay swing, and in the serious passages Mrs. Tippett shows that she is not content with the thoughts of other people. A very readable book indeed.

RALPH STRAUS

The "Bystander" Series of Short Stories

AS IT WAS WRITTEN

By OLIVER SANDYS

WE were talking about Gervaise when he walked into the restaurant which we used to patronise in the days when Fleet Street had us by the throat. When, later on, the Street took us by the hand we still went there from habit and old associations.

Suddenly Penton said:

"What's the matter with Gervaise?"

"What should be the matter?" I asked. "His last book's bounding along."

"I'm not talking about his work. Have you seen the man himself?"

It was at that precise moment that Gervaise came in. The change in him as he stood there in the doorway, looking for a vacant seat, was startling.

I cannot describe the expression on his face. One talks of men who have looked down into hell and ever after shown the torments of it in their eyes. You see the naked soul there and look away. You can't help; all you can do is to be sorry, sigh "poor devil," and turn to get what comfort you can from other and less desolate faces.

This man, Gervaise, was the shadow of what he had been, thin and cadaverous. He held a book in his hand—one of his idiosyncrasies. He always went about like that with a copy of his last novel. I caught his eye, and signed to him.

He came towards us with a certain hesitancy.

"You see?" said Penton quickly.

I nodded and pulled out a chair.

"Hullo, Gervaise, you're a stranger."

"Have to be. I can't afford your Gargantuan meals. But I guessed you'd be here. That's why I came."

"That's all right," said Penton. "What have you been up to?"

"Digesting a theory," he answered solemnly.

"Looks as if it were a flesh-reducing one, then," I couldn't resist saying.

"It's more than a theory," he pursued grimly. "It's a stupendous truth. I've had it forced on me that the power of Thought can govern every human motive. There's more significance in those three words than is dreamt of in most people's philosophy.

"First and foremost, Thought is creative."

He leant across the table impressively. "See here you two. There's no such thing as coincidence. I've demonstrated it. The destiny of men and women is swayed by power of Thought alone. Given the circumstances, the absolute power of creation lies at the tip of a pen as much as it does in the hand of God Himself."

He stopped suddenly, intercepting the curious glance that I had shot at Penton.

"Have a drink?" I said to cover it

"Thanks. I'm a bit chilly."

While we waited for the liquor he placed his book on the table beside him.

"This your latest?"

I reached for it. With a swift movement he stopped me.

"Don't touch the accursed thing. It's alive."

His next sentence clearly showed that he knew what was in our minds.

"My dear chaps, I'm not mad. That's the worst part of it. I'm horribly, lucidly sane, having done what would have driven ninety-nine men out of a hundred into Bedlam. Look at this." He thrust out his right hand. "It doesn't look like a murderer's hand, does it? And yet it has done worse than murder. In the Bible one is told to cut off one's right hand if it offends. Literally that's what I've done."

What he meant was beyond us.

"I'd better tell you what's been happening to me lately," he said after a pause.

"That's what we were wondering about when you came in," said Penton with forced cheerfulness. "Fire away."

"I've been in India."

"So we heard. Any shooting?"

He went livid. "What do you mean?" he asked sharply. "Oh, I see. Big game? No, it wasn't the time of year. I've begun at the wrong end, though. It started like this"—he tapped the book—"while it was being serialised in *Barton's Quarterly*. You haven't done me the honour of reading it, I suppose? No, well, briefly it's this. I conceived the idea of a woman happily married, yet attracted against her will to a man who is likewise attracted to her against *his* will."

"No sense in that," I said.

"There isn't," he agreed. "But I had to have a working plan of some sort and this was erotic enough to offer difficulties. You chaps don't write novels. If you did you'd know that if you want to please the reading public of to-day—the silly, hysterical, self-analysing women who read to have their mental palates tickled—you've got to give them commonplace, every-day, recognisable incidents, or else a perversion of them. I chose the latter because it gave more scope for art. You know the law of attraction and repulsion in its application to the sexes. I used that law to show how a man and a woman, who are repelled by each other, may be attracted by that very repulsion—fatally, of course. You see?"

"No, we don't," said Penton bluntly. "It's a perverted idea."

"Exactly. That's what I said. The question was, could I make it real?"

(All rights strictly reserved)

"*You* could. No one else on earth—"

"Never mind about anybody else so long as you're convinced that I could. Bear in mind that at this time I believed in Thought merely as a process by which I arrived at a conclusion or evolved my plots. The factor of Thought as a *force* had never entered my head. Psychology did not interest me. But before I begin hold on to this: every word, every incident I am going to mention is no more a coincidence than that my eyelids are above my eyes. Each little thing is a definite and a separate link in the chain, a bead upon the thread of Destiny. Remember, too, I am speaking about *creative* living Thought. Some thoughts are bare even of the germ of life. You have equivalents in Nature itself. Well, I started my story. I got into the skin of it. I made it alive, real. I felt it.

"I laid my scene in India. It's a fine descriptive setting for crime and strange passions and elemental things. Now, the thing appeared quarterly, and Barton's, knowing me, allowed me to send in the stuff as I did it. I worked on it when I felt inclined. So long as they were supplied three months ahead they were satisfied.

"I had got as far as where the woman allows the man to kiss her against her will. It sounds contradictory and weak, but I made it strong, as if far greater things, issues of life and death, were at stake upon that mere kiss. I made that kiss the starting point for tragedy."

"And then?"

"Then the first link in the chain of circumstance was forged. It came to me all the way from India in the form of a letter from a woman, a Mrs. Guthrie, living in the very locality I was writing about. It was full of vague forebodings, and it asked me not to continue my serial. She said she was not hysterical, only very frightened, and that she could not explain adequately in a letter why my serial so filled her with dread. She told me that what I described was happening to *her*. Irrationally enough, she seemed to infer that I or my serial or both were the cause, and woman-like she wanted that cause removed.

"Most men would have thrown the letter on one side—ignored it. I didn't. Within a week of receiving it I was on my way out to India. I wanted to see the woman who had written it, and get to know what she meant by asking a fairly well-known author to stop a serial in full flight for her special benefit. She piqued my curiosity.

"She wrote from a God-forsaken station in the Central Provinces. It took me three days to get there from Bombay, and when I put up at the dreary *dâk* bungalow of Radpoor I confess I began to regret the impulse that had brought me all that distance from home. It was the most depressing hole I ever wish to see, in dreadful need of repair, dark and dismal. I wondered how on earth I was to finish my serial in such surroundings. I couldn't put it off and leave the review in the lurch. I've an odd way of working, one I shouldn't advise other chaps to try. I hardly ever know how my plots are going to develop until the last moment. I let 'em work themselves out like Destiny.

"The old *khansaman* told me that the Guthrie bungalow was almost opposite. One could see it through the trees, a white plaster affair with pillars and convolvulus growing round them just as I had described in my story. Guthrie *sahib* was away on circuit. The *mem-sahib* was at home.

"I was meditating a conventional call on her that afternoon when a fellow called Russell turned up. He was an American. *So was the third side of my triangle*, the 'other man' of my story; but I didn't see how things were working just then. He was decent enough, but not the sort that nice women like. A bit too primitive, I daresay. He was hospitably inclined, had had experience of the *dâk* bungalow when he first came to Radpoor, and offered to place two rooms in his own bungalow at my disposal. It was a furnished place, he told me, that he had taken for a few months. I was jolly glad to accept. All the while he talked I was conscious of a certain familiarity about him, and yet I was sure I had never met him before. I was also aware of a curious feeling of power over him. I felt that if I willed it so I could control his actions—more, his thoughts—absolutely.

"I moved over to his bungalow that same morning, intending to put off my call on Mrs. Guthrie until the morrow. Neither did I say anything about it. I don't know why. Russell was a good host, and he had a good cook, but he seemed rather down in the mouth. He was unreserved enough, and after tiffin he remarked:

"'Wish I could get out of this hole.'

"'What brought you here?'

"'Globe-trotting.'

"'What keeps you?'

"'A woman. A little bit of a wisp of a woman that I don't care a snap of the fingers for, except at odd moments, and who I'll swear doesn't care for me except when she can't help it.'

"'That's odd,' I said.

"'There's the devil in it somewhere. You say you're a writing chap. Can you explain it?'

"'Have you read a story that's now running in *Barton's Quarterly*?' He shook his head. 'It deals with exactly the kind of attraction and repulsion you refer to.'

"'I'm not a reading chap,' he said, and got up. 'Care to come and call on Mrs. Guthrie?'

"I did start then. I knew by the look on his face that she was the woman he had been talking about, and she was the woman who had written to me. I was swimming out of my depth but I enjoyed the sensation.

"Guthrie *mem-sahib* was in. We waited for her in the long low drawing-room, cooled by wet *khas-khas tattis*. I had seen Mrs. Guthrie's drawing-room a hundred times in my imagination, and I had described it in my book pretty much as it was. But I'm a matter-of-fact sort, and I took the queer things that were happening calmly enough.

"Mrs. Guthrie was a pretty little woman, and she had brains. You could see it in her face, in the wide, thoughtful brow, the intelligence of her eyes. She was the woman of my story in the flesh.

"'When Russell introduced me she grew a little pale, looked uneasy and talked fast. After she had poured out tea for herself and we had had whisky pegs, she sent Russell off on some pretext or other to the club. Directly we were alone, she said abruptly:

"'Why have you come out here?'

"'For one thing, to ask you to explain your very singular letter,' I smiled. 'Also to measure the long arm of coincidence.'

"'That's just it. It isn't coincidence!' she cried. 'You mustn't finish your serial, or if you do you

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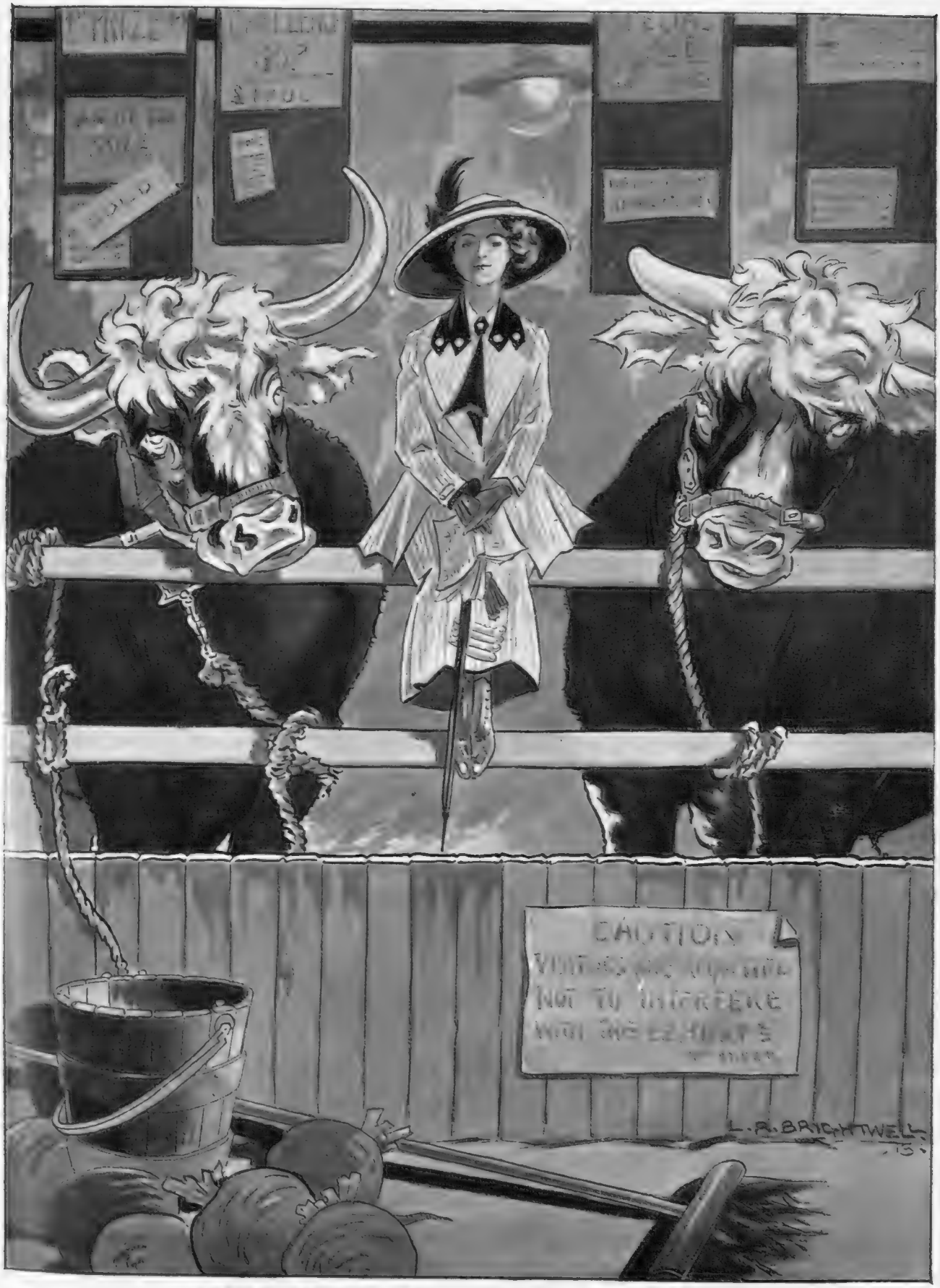
Beauty and the Beef



CATTLE—"KITTLE," AND OTHERWISE—AT THE SHOW

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

(Continued from page 772)

must conclude it so that everything comes right in the end.'

"'You're playing with Fate; you're moulding me, you're thrusting Destiny upon me. I'm on the brink of an abyss now. Before it's too late, I beg of you to stop.'

"'My dear Mrs. Guthrie,' I soothed. 'Suppose you try and explain the trouble to me? I'm awfully in the dark.'

"'I will. I'll try. I'm a great reader. And reading gives one to think. I'm alone a lot when my husband is on circuit, and books and my thoughts have always occupied me until just lately, in fact, until Mr. Russell came here six months ago. At that time I was beginning your serial in *Barton's Quarterly*. Now listen. Each instalment minutely described what had actually been happening to me, and the publication of each instalment coincided in time and place with the thing that had happened. I'm going to be awfully frank. I must be.' She took a little diary out of her writing-desk and opened it. 'Can you tell me when you began this serial?'

"I gave her the date.

"'That is the date when Mr. Russell came here. When did you first write of the insidious mingling of like and dislike that your two chief characters felt for each other?'

"'That was in the second instalment. February, I think—the beginning.'

"'And'—her voice trembled—'the kiss in the drawing-room?'

"'I remember the exact date I wrote that. It was on August 15, about eleven in the morning.'

"'Then look at this.' She thrust the diary under my eyes. The entry was:

August 15th. 5 o'clock. R. came to tea. He has just gone. For the first time in my life another man—besides my husband—has kissed me. I feel I could kill him, and yet I suffered him!

"The blood was draining away from her face.

"'Don't you see you must stop?' she cried 'Where are you taking us to?'

"The question sounded silly, and the suggestion that I should put a stop to my serial just to relieve her hysterical feelings an absurd one.

"'You don't follow me,' she said. 'Before you commenced that serial my life was quite free from anxieties or real incidents of any kind. I had never seen or heard of Mr. Russell. I had never dreamt of being kissed by a man other than my husband. I don't go so far as to suggest that you are responsible for my character. That was there, existing like myself, before you wrote about it. You found it, like a man finds a new country . . . and you made things begin to happen to me just as things happen in new land when a man sows and plants it.'

"I argued with her. I brought it down to the coincidence of a kiss, and I laughed at her fears.

"'Oh, can't you see,' she interrupted, 'that not a single bit of it is coincidence? Give up that idea. The circumstances which you have conceived are throughout so horribly relevant to our case. You've created each incident. You've made them all *happen!* We're your puppets, Russell and I. When you take up your pen we have to do its bidding. There's a reason. I'll tell you what it is.'

"She leant forward with her big eyes on mine.

"'Nothing exists but what is imagined. I rank imagination as the supreme creative force in life. The Creator imagined the world, whereupon it existed. The origin of all things is Thought. That and nothing else. Thought is the force that originally evolved life. One cannot conceive an image of Thought any more than one can conceive an image of the Creator. Perhaps each is but a name for the other. Now consider: Man thinks. Generally about himself, his particular circumstances, or his inventions, and what he is going to do with them. Invention is constructive thought. The novelist constructs too, but first he has to imagine, to evolve something out of nothing. His thoughts are creative. He gives mental impulses, life, to his imaginings, and, therefore, what he imagines actually happens somewhere, as it is happening now—here—to me and Russell. It mustn't go on. You mustn't let it go on.'

"'Your theory's very clever and ingenious,' I said, 'but you can't expect me to be guided by it.'

"Then she grew angry. My puppet—as she called herself—threatened me.

"'Very well. Then clearly understand that whatever happens I am not responsible. Whatever Russell does to me or to himself will be your work. We're not free agents.'

"I tried to make light of her extraordinary theory. Then Russell came back, and soon afterwards we left together.

"Now things began to go quickly. Destiny always finishes up with a bit of a sprint. I liked Mrs. Guthrie's odd ideas about the power of Thought. I wondered if I could work them up in fiction form. Certainly, there was something uncanny in the marked coincidence of the whole affair, but to take it seriously, as she had done, seemed irrational. That way lay madness or worse. In my case it was worse. On our way home Russell said to me:

"'That's the woman who keeps me here.'

"'So I surmised.'

"'Do you see any charm in her?'

"'Yes; of a kind—and undoubtedly for you.'

"He laughed uneasily. 'It's a fatal kind of attraction, anyway. I wish I had the grit to cut loose.'

"'Doesn't she want you to go?'

"'Of course she does. Much as I do. That's the rum part of it. There's something devilish unholy at work.'

"We changed the subject, and later that evening after dinner, feeling inclined to work, I left him. He was fast asleep in the verandah.

"I lit a lamp, drew out my writing materials, and sat thinking how I was going to finish the last chapter of my instalment.

"It was a burning night in June. Mrs. Guthrie had intended leaving the plains before this, she had told us, but she was waiting for her husband to join her, and she was used to the heat. I was not. The *punkah-wallah* pulled sleepily at the giant petticoated fan overhead, and presently stopped altogether. 'Ping' went a trumpet-nosed mosquito. Pariah dogs yapped. In the distance the jackal leader howled out 'I smell a dead Hindoo-o-o, I do-o-o!' was answered by one of the pack 'Where? Where?' and then came a shrilled 'Here! Here!'; geckoes made the night hideous with their hiccoughing repetition of their own name; a brain-fever bird shrieked up the scale with maddening monotony; owls hooted; bull-frogs barked like dogs.

"I picked up my pen. The sluggish night stirred in my veins. It seemed good to me that I should write of evil. It was fitting to end

(Continued on page 776)

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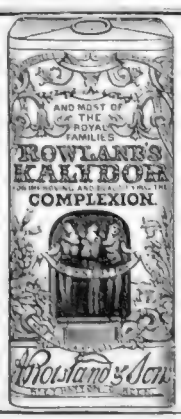

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(Continued from page 774)

my story with crime on such a night. I dipped it in the ink, and, careless of consequences, wrote."

Gervaise opened the red-bound book, turned to the end, and read:

Furniss was aware of a clamouring desire to see her once more—that day—now. He strove against the fatal attraction, but it was too strong for him. He could no more keep away from her than can the moth from the flame. But behind the impulse was that other one, negative, repulsive. The passions within him were like alternate currents. At one moment a yearning tenderness held him, the next it turned to enmity. He wanted to love and to hurt; to caress and to provoke. Above all, he wanted to avoid temptation, to flee from her.

It was late, too late for her to expect a visitor, himself least of all. If he went she would be compromised, and he did not want to compromise her. But the positive element in his feelings made him ignore that. With it came the desire to kiss her, to kiss her throat. It was a pretty throat. He wondered what it would be like to kiss it against her will. She was a little thing. She had no strength.

"I'll not go," he said tensely. "I'll sit tight—here."

He lit a cheroot and helped himself to more whiskey.

"Outside," said Gervaise, keeping his finger on the place, "I heard Russell move. I heard him light a match and draw at his cheroot. I heard the tinkle of ice against glass, the hiss of a syphon. And I knew that he and the woman were my automatons, and I rioted in the thought. I knew that he was the puppet of my pen. I went on writing—this:

He could stand it no longer. He would just walk round to the bungalow. He would not go in. He did not want to go in. He pushed his chair back with a scraping sound.

"In the verandah I heard Russell moving.

"'Where are you going?' I called.

"'Stroll in the compound,' he answered.

"But I heard his steps crunching along the gravel of the drive and fade away in the distance. Left alone, a creative fury possessed me. I don't think any power on earth could have restrained my pen then. A devil guided it. I wrote fiercely and quickly."

He turned the page and read from it:

She was putting some tall Bermuda lilies in a vase when she heard the chic pushed on one side, and unannounced Furniss walked into the room. She wheeled about.

"Why do you come here—at this hour?" she demanded. "Do you know that it is ten o'clock, and my servants are in bed?"

"I had to come," he said. "I want to keep away. Why am I driven to you like this?"

She was deadly calm.

"Will you go please, Mr. Furniss?" she asked quietly.

On the table lay the loaded revolver she always took to her bedroom when her husband was away. She fingered it nervously, hardly knowing that she touched it.

Furniss came close up to her. Before she had time to be aware of his intention, he had her in his arms, was crushing her to him. She felt his hot breath upon her neck.

"It's got to come to this," he muttered.

Her hand tightened on the weapon. In the hour of her need the touch of cold steel made her see red.

"I'll fire!" she shrieked. "I'll fire!"

And she fired.

"The outside stillness was broken by a single jarring sound. I knew it at once as the harsh report of a revolver. I sprang up in a sweat and ran out. In a moment I was sane again, staggered by the full import of what I had probably been the cause of.

"'Russell!' I called. 'Russell!'

"No answer.

"I raced down the drive as if devils were after me, down the great wide road to Mrs. Guthrie's bungalow. Startled servants were hurrying from their quarters. I ran up the verandah steps and fell over something huddled there. It was a man—dead—Russell. Mrs. Guthrie, white, wraith-like, with blazing eyes confronted me—living.

"'I've killed a man! My God! I've killed him. I shot—shot! It's you!' she shrieked as she caught sight of me.

"I hurried up to her. Servants and a couple of native policemen followed on my heels. She turned on them, pointing at me.

"'Arrest that man! He's the murderer! Not I.'"

Gervaise stopped. His grey, drawn face was awful to see. He spoke spasmodically and with apparent difficulty.

"They arrested her, of course. It was in the papers. Case tried in India. English judge. Waiting, I nearly went mad. I had to give evidence. Cross-examined, I had to own up to the attraction Russell had told me he had felt for Mrs. Guthrie. Then I blurted out my share in the tragedy. I shrieked it at them. I hammered it at them. I told them Mrs. Guthrie's theory. I told them it was right. I told them I was the real murderer. I told them to hang me. I was laughed at. Some said I was a quixotic fool, some that I was insane, others that I was working an advertisement for myself.

"She was let off on the plea of acting in defence of her honour. That was right enough. But they couldn't bring the dead man back. And neither could I. I had brain fever. I tried to kill myself, and someone stopped me. I came home. And that's all. Ever since I've been crawling over hell's hot pavements trying to find a cool place, and people say I'm mad. Let 'em say so! I wish I were.

"Look here, Warner; look here, Penton. See this hand?" He thrust it out, white and harmless-looking. "It's done murder—bloodless murder. I did it with ink and a pen and wanton thoughts . . . I say, you chaps," he switched into another key quite abruptly, "you—you asked me to have a drink just now. I wouldn't say no to a feed either. I—haven't the means of earning a living now, and I've come to the bottom of my purse. You remember what the Bible says about cutting off one's right hand? I took it to mean that—— I mustn't write any more. I—daren't!"

"How long is it since you've had a square meal?" asked Penton in a voice I hardly recognised.

"I forget. . . ."

One of us ordered a meal to be brought quickly. We avoided looking at each other, and when the food came we hurried out, making the excuse that we were already late for an appointment. Neither of us had the pluck to sit still and watch a starving man.

Outside in the lobby we made a pool of our loose cash, and screwing it into a banknote sent it into Gervaise by a waiter. Surreptitiously we watched its safe delivery, and then left the place.

"Starving! And a gold mine at the end of his pen! Come on, Warner. Isn't it a merry world! I'm off to write stuff that'll make you split your sides with laughter."

Penton's voice cracked oddly. I couldn't see his face. The arc light outside suddenly sizzled and went black. OLIVER SANDYS

MATTERS MUSICAL

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

A Retrospect

WHATEVER else may be laid to the account of 1913—and a great many of us are thirsting for the old gentleman's blood—the musician and the lover of music have no cause for complaint. Indeed, the reign of 1913 has been rather singularly propitious to the art of music. We have had some quite admirable concerts, thanks mainly to Sir Henry Wood, introducing us to a good deal of new music of the first rank; and the "Proms." have established a record in success; and we all of us remember the splendid Russian season of Opera and Ballet at Drury Lane. We have even had a season of English opera owing to the activities of Mr. Raymond Rôze, and though there was nothing very wonderful about it, the critics have, I think, been rather unfair to Mr. Rôze. Personally, I did not care for *Joan of Arc*, and said so, but I saw two productions, one of *Tristan* and one of *Hansèl and Gretel*, that were not bad at all. Our untravelled critics always seem to proceed on the assumption that all performances of German opera are as good as those to which we are accustomed at Covent Garden. That, of course, is ridiculous. Covent Garden is a Festival Opera House with Festival Artists, and I can assure the more meticulous detractors of Mr. Rôze's productions that they could find many opera houses in Germany of reputation and standing where the same operas are worse performed. After all, poor Mr. Rôze made no pretence of reaching festival standards—or of charging festival prices. In one particular respect 1913 has been a year with a musical comet: the Classical Concert Society devoted one whole programme to modern works, especially those of Ravel and Scriabin! As yet, however, there is no sign that the directors of Covent Garden Opera, influenced by the enterprise of their new landlord, are proposing to abandon Puccini in favour of Strauss. Nor is it likely that Mr. Donald Tovey's concerts at the Chelsea Town Hall will be mainly devoted to the works of Schönberg.

At Covent Garden

1914 will probably claim to be considered a "star" year. For in addition to all the ordinary features, as the illustrated newspapers say when announcing new contributions, there will be *Parsifal* at Covent Garden in February.

Lost Money

Mr. Beecham's season of opera at the London Opera House is, unfortunately, not coming off—always supposing that it was ever really "on." How interesting it would be, by-the-bye, to add up all the money that has been lost on various musical enterprises in England since the middle of last century. I imagine it must represent almost the price of one small torpedo-destroyer. Officially, I believe, we spend on music about £1,000 a year. Yet music has been going ahead very rapidly of late, and, if the omens are at all to be trusted, 1914 should mark a definite step forward in the progress of our own music and musicians. And that is the most important thing of all.

FRANCIS TOYE

GOLF NOTES & NOTIONS

The Coming Year

WHEN these lines appear 1913 will be making its final bow and 1914 will be on the point of putting its head in at the door. What is 1914 going to bring us to fill our golf stocking? Well, if the advance posters, in theatrical parlance, are realised 1914 ought to be one of the most interesting years in golfing history. We are promised an appearance in our Championships of the two great American amateurs, Mr. Ouimet and Mr. Travers. The latter has been both by achievement and by common consent of his colleagues the greatest amateur match-player produced by the United States in recent years. He came over to us in 1909 with a splendid reputation, but by want of proper training and care he gave himself no chance whatever of making good his claim on this side. In the last two years, however, Mr. Travers has come into his kingdom again, and has decisively won the American Amateur Championship in 1912 and 1913, defeating that other great American amateur, Mr. Evans, in the former, and Mr. Anderson in the latter year.

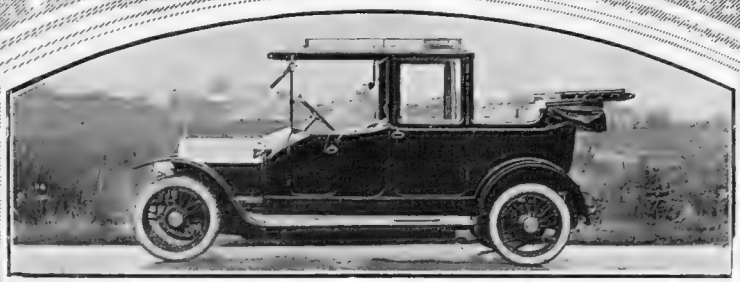
Mr. Ouimet—

But if Mr. Travers is a formidable proposition, what are we to say of Mr. Ouimet, the conqueror of Vardon and Ray? As to the probability of his coming we are on fairly solid ground, for we have on record a resolution of his club declaring their determination that he shall compete at Sandwich. It remains to be seen, as I have already said, how Mr. Ouimet will shape on strange courses. But as to his powers as a match-player I have but little doubt. Practically that final round of eighteen holes which decided the famous tie in the American Championship was a match, for all three players played together, and up to the completion of the ninth hole were on even terms. It was from that point that Mr. Ouimet outplayed our men and beat them into a cocked hat. The man who can do that must be a great match-player as well as a scorer. The only moot point is the question of alien courses. At Brookline he is on his native heath, where he knows every blade of grass and every contour of the course. But such a great player as he has proved himself to be will soon adapt himself to his surroundings, and if he is to be defeated we must rely on our players rather than our courses to do the job.

—And Mr. Evans

If, added to those two, we have our favourite, Mr. Evans, returning to try his luck once more, we shall have as formidable a trio of invaders to attack our two Championships as we have ever had. I have not much fear about the Open Championship, but it behoves our amateurs, whether veterans or juniors, to polish up all the weapons in their armoury, for these three Americans, if they materialise, will want a lot of stopping at Sandwich.

ERNEST LEHMANN



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RACING: The Week's Meetings. By CARBINE

Naming Races

I am glad to observe that the Ascot meeting is this year to become up-to-date in regard to the nomenclature of its races. All racegoers will recall the unsatisfactory system of describing valuable events, such as the "Forty-third Biennial Stakes" or the "Sixty-ninth Triennial Stakes," which has hitherto prevailed at Ascot, and which has caused no little confusion on some occasions. I understand that the King is responsible for the innovation, and His Majesty has selected the names with good judgment. We are now to have the Ribblesdale Stakes, the Jersey Stakes, the Churchill Stakes, the Chesham Stakes, and so forth at Ascot. I am sure owners would much rather win a race so styled than one which practically had no title at all. It is now up to the Jockey Club to revise the naming of the races at Newmarket. It is absurd that events worth £400 should be known merely as "A Plate," and that two events in one day at the premier racecourse should each be styled "A Selling Plate." The King has applied the cry of "Wake up, Ascot!" to the Royal meeting, and the Jockey Club ought not to lag behind.

Wagers on the Lincoln

Early in the New Year entries close for all the chief Spring handicaps, but there are a number of impulsive individuals who do not wait for the publication of the entries or the weights before backing their fancies for the Lincoln and Grand National. A substantial bookmaker of my acquaintance announced a few weeks ago that he would lay £1,000 to £20 against any horse which he had not already laid for the Lincolnshire Handicap. Instantly there were demands for many horses, which shows that ante-post price betting would be much more popular at the present time if bookies were only more enterprising in regard to the prices they offer. Whether my friend will be able to make a profit on his Lincoln business remains, of course, to be seen, but I understand that Maiden Erlegh, Cheerful, Santair, Bonbon Rose, Berrilldon, and Cuthbert are among those horses which have been backed up to the limit with him. For myself, I thought it was sufficiently tempting to take the odds of 50 to 1 about Long Set as soon as I ascertained that it was decided to keep Mr. S. B. Joel's fine old handicap horse in training for another season.

Selections

So far the Winter season has enjoyed remarkably favourable weather, and all the meetings have been highly successful as a result. No doubt we shall have a cold snap before long, but at the moment of writing the prospects of the New Year meeting at Manchester are bright. On Thursday **Glazebrook** may win the New Year Hurdle Handicap and **Bernstein,** who was not very judiciously ridden at Hurst Park recently, may take the Sportsman's Welter Flat Race. On the following day **Wilkinstown** is my selection for the Manchester Steeplechase and **First League** for the Club Hurdle Race. At Newbury on Wednesday the Berkshire Hurdle Race may go to **Pollen,** while **Valentine Maher** seems to be a likely winner of the Reading Steeplechase.

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To-night has been a great night. We have dined well: we have had a delightful evening at the Theatre and we are enjoying a supper rich in its luxury and leisure. We shall not go home till morning, because, in the fashion, we have been given the added privilege of 'clubbing it' and so our hearty, our cordial and our most grateful thanks are due to our host and hostess for an incomparably happy evening. I must, on behalf of all of us, congratulate them on their choice of entertainment. We laughed the whole evening, every minute was a delight; 'the stage production was a rich feast of colour'; 'pleasing to the eye, pleasing to the ear'; 'a cast crammed with popular favourites'; 'the fun was abundant, the music delicious'; 'the whole a joyous adventure spiced with love and sentiment'; 'it is a long time since London saw such a bright and charming Musical Comedy,' therefore, my dear Colonel, will you convey this toast to 'The Pearl Girl.' 'May her shadow never grow less, may all the pearl girls be as bright and bonnie when we come to town for the season, may Alfred Lester be still 'a messenger of joy,' and say, we shall proclaim aloud to all our friends that Mr. Robert Courtneidge's Shaftesbury success 'is the brightest, gayest, wittiest and most wholly and perpetually galvanic musical comedy in town."

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Photograph *Maude Tecvan*

A PICTURESQUE VIEW

Showing a car climbing the difficult Dover Castle Hill

Recruiting

THIS being the New Year Number (same to you, and many of them—at any rate, as many as you wish), allow me a little space for a recruiting effort. There's a vast congregation abroad still trembling on the brink of car-purchase, still wondering whether anything exists that is well within the limit of particularly slender purses. The congregation consists mainly of those who have never been motorists at all or whose motoring experiences have not previously passed the stage of the motor-cycle and side-car. There is a number of others who have come down somewhat, and who, having sold the big car perforce, think that, equally perforce, they are out of it as motorists until such time as the wind veers more favourably and they are possessed again of their original measure of this year's goods. And there are others, of means, who feel that all the motoring service they desire can be had from a much smaller vehicle, and why shouldn't they retrench these hard times and—so on. In short, there is a two hundred guinea and under multitude, and the problem is whether the potential motorists of the first category can financially afford to run this type of car and whether the actual motorists of the second and third categories can, for reasons of caste, afford to run a little fellow of a vehicle after the ostentation of their limousinage.

Come Right In

I can tell the first class without hesitation that if they can face a running cost of two to three-pence per mile (not forgetting that practically all the time they will have two up, and the cost per head is, therefore, halved—quartered with four up; and not forgetting also that cab fares, train fares, and similar travelling expenses are all saved)—if they can face this small running cost they may enter the ranks right away. The caste question of the other two classes is much more difficult, and I can only guarantee that, on appearances, apart from size, there is certainly nothing to which exception could be taken in these little vehicles—save by the "compleat snob," whose smoking-room is designed to resemble a "palace" hotel bar. They are neat, light, fairly fast, quite comfortable to travel in, reliable and economical. Also, they have that indefinable thing called the sporting appeal.

A Warning

In the way of choice for the man of very moderate means, the 1914 motor market offers a wide range of selection. From a price of about £100, or very little more, up to our two hundred guineas, there is quite a number of vehicles which will serve excellently if they are chosen with a fair regard to the purposes for which they are wanted. The small car is, on the average, a splendid little machine, which is habitually ill-used by the majority of its possessors—especially if they are used to driving vehicles of more ambitious dimensions. It is difficult, of course, if you have the 20 h.p.-habit, to keep in

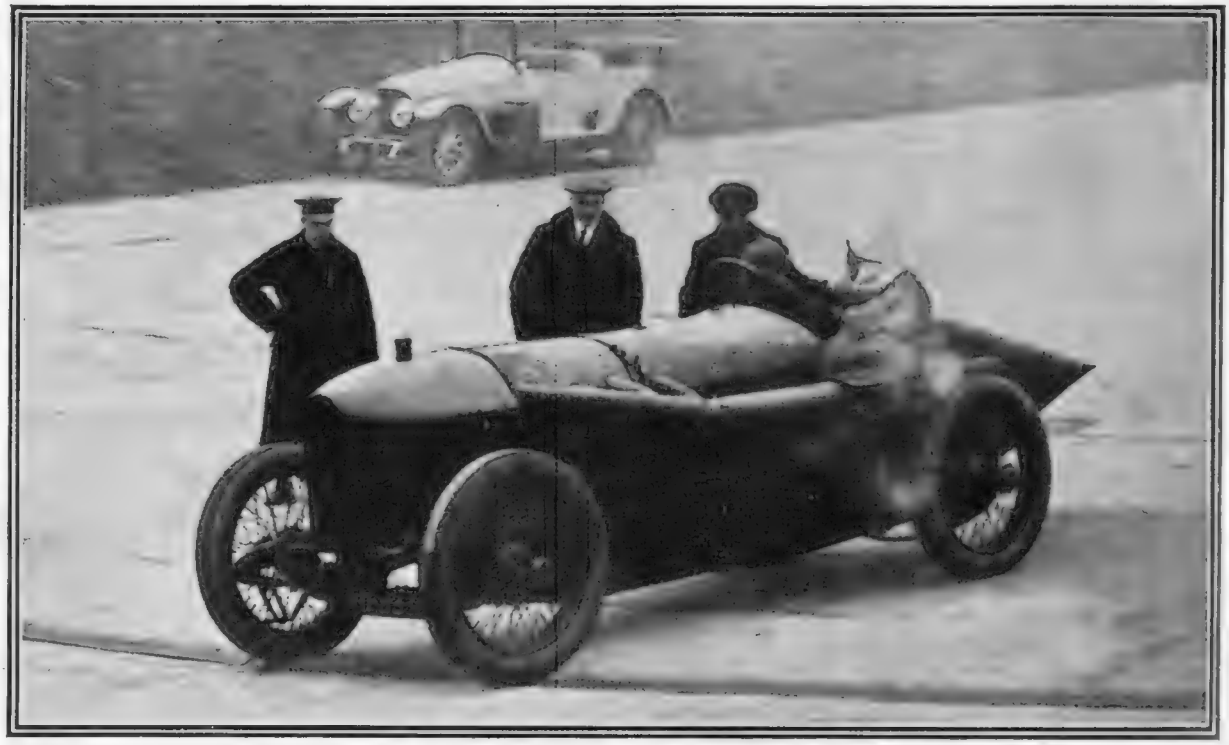
mind the fact that your 8-h.p. machine should be normally and naturally 15 miles an hour slower. Consequently you drive it all out all the time, and, in the end, there is one more man who has tried the small car and found it wanting. Give it fair treatment, run it within the limits of its power, in short, be reasonable with it, and you will be astonished at the results it will give.

The Hillman

The Hillman, with a standard two-seated body of pleasing lines and comfortable proportions, and complete with the necessary equipment of hood, screen, five lamps, and five wheels, sells at £200. For another £35 you can let yourself go; and with the same little 60mm. x 120mm. four-cylinder engine and chassis have a very sportative—or, as we say in the schools, "nutty"—two-seated limousine body. Incidentally, the Hillman people are going further with the *de-luxe* engine is a four-cylinder of 20 h.p., and, not only that, but a particularly powerful and lively one—so lively, indeed, that its makers are content to go on fitting it with only two speed changes, where almost every other car requires three or four speeds. I have never heard a Ford owner say that he wanted anything but what the Ford gives him. It has been regarded as the limit of first-cost economy for a good many years—a limit that has been exceeded this year. The latest figures are:—£125 for the run-about or two-seater; £135 for the four or five-seated touring car; and £180 for the town carriage or landaulette type. The chassis itself is absolutely unchanged.

The Baby Peugeot

The "Baby" Peugeot is the tiniest thing that ever happened; but, although it is scarcely bigger than the Cadillac that is built for Princes, and to which we touch our caps, its little body gives plenty of leg



AGAINST TIME ON A "BIG BEN(Z)"

Mr. Homestead at Brooklands last week on the occasion when he beat the half-mile standing start record in 25'545 sec. and the kilometre standing record in 30'405 sec. He is here seen at the start of the attempt on his Benz car

idea, and are turning out the first English six-cylinder small car—at a somewhat higher price than the four-cylinder, of course. This has an engine of the same dimensions as its smaller sister; it is called a 13–25 h.p. model, and was shown at Olympia as a chassis, with a four-seated torpedo touring body, and equipped with the latest and cosiest of saloons.

The Ford

The Ford, as everyone knows, is a totally different thing from either the Hillman or the small Peugeot, and, except for its price, has not the slightest justification for being described as a small car. Its room and any amount of comfort. The engine is also a four-cylinder of 55mm. x 90mm., and the complete car, with two-seated body—I don't suppose you could put an adult four-seater on this pup of a chassis if you wanted to—and the usual equipment, is listed at £170. This does not include a self-starter, which is scarcely necessary. You can lean over the wind screen and pull up the starting handle from the seat—or very nearly! Lastly, there are the 9·5 h.p. Standard at £195, and the 9 h.p. Adler at 200 guineas. Within the limitations of the power no reasonable person could want anything better, and anyway, reasonable or unreasonable, you can't get it.

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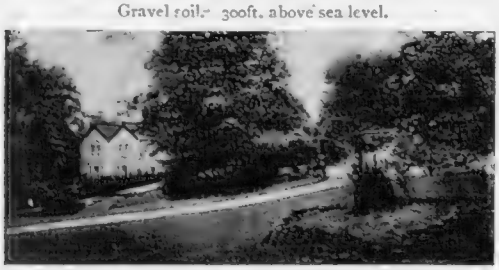

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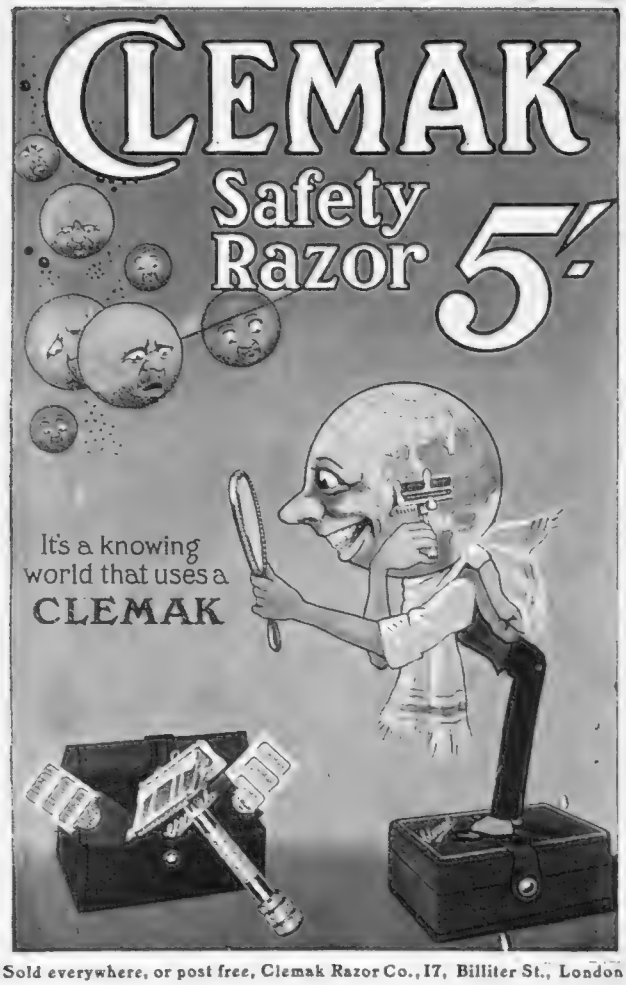

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£2,000 Will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ-fide* holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket, **if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab** (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), on which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder or trader's ticket-holder; or **£1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.**

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This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

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THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd., 36-44 Moorgate St., London, E.C.

NOTE.—For the sum of £1 8s. 2d. you receive THE BYSTANDER *post free for 52 weeks and are insured as above.*

And ,, ,, 14s. 1d. ,, ,, ,, ,, 26 ,, ,, ,,

This Coupon-Insurance-Ticket must not be detached.

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ENAMEL

Original & Best for Household and Furniture Decoration
Greatest Covering Power-most Durable-Hard Glossy Surface and Washable

ASPINALL'S BATH ENAMEL
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FOR DECORATORS & BUILDERS
Best for Inside and Outside Decoration
PERFECT FINISH

In ½ and 1 Gallon lots and upwards
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Insist upon and secure

FREEZOMINT

The original French
CRÊME DE MENTHE CUSENIER

No Liqueur but Freezomint gives such a keen and delicious sensation of relief and renewed energy inherent to the pure and delicate ingredients with which it is compounded.

There are imitations-Avoid them

Two champions for long distance driving :—

DUNLOP TYRES
AND "V" GOLF BALLS.

ON CLACTON GOLF COURSE

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd. (Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry), Aston Cross, Birmingham; and 14, Regent St., London, S.W. Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll. Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.

Fashion's Fancies.

By MRS. JACK MAY

Skins and Mantles

WHAT think you of the opportunity of acquiring Russian pony skin full length coats for £8 18*s.* 6*d.*? These are genuinely marked-down garments, to be obtained at Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street, while the entire surplus stock of fur coats, including some of the smartest designs of the season, together with hundreds of more practical character, will be marked down in like proportion. In sets there are some exceptionally tempting bargains in real ermine neckwear, and black fox.

Adjacent are the mantles, a noted feature of the house, where a well-tailored sports coat—one of the big sensations of the year—built of the new ripple blanket-cloth, has been lowered to the bagatelle price of 25*s.* The "Ritz" is an opera wrap arranged in the new *moiré* velvet, in a long range of light and dark evening shades and lined throughout with soft satin, and made, moreover, in the firm's own workrooms, that has been reduced from £6 16*s.* 6*d.* to 98*s.* 6*d.*

Evening Gowns

Dainty little evening gowns are to be picked up far below cost price. The "Symphony," for example, is a perfectly sweet dress, arranged with the new long draperies, and obtainable in either *crêpe broché* or plain *charmeuse* at the same price of 89*s.* 6*d.* while there are no less than fifty different styles in pretty net dresses for dance or theatre at only 30*s.* Passing on to tailor-mades, it is to find the same generous sale spirit prevailing. Among the simpler every day coats and skirts, which are always so much in request at this time of the year, the "Buckingham" is a black-and-white checked wool velour, the back drawn into a deep low band, and finished with either a black or violet velvet collar, while the front falls straight, and is ornamented with patent pockets.

Household Linen

There is probably no sale that excites more interest than that held by Walpole Brothers, 89-90, New Bond Street. Although in the ordinary course of things the firm being the actual manufacturers of their beautiful damasks and household linen generally, all middle profits are eliminated, yet twice a year, prior to the necessary stocktaking, still further large concessions are made. To some of us this sale at Walpole's is particularly alluring, the exquisite table damask of exclusive design being always irresistible. Judging from the examples illustrated in the catalogue, the feeling for striped effects continues to run strong, expressed in a diversity of ways, with various classic or Celtic borders. In every case this napery is appreciably reduced during January, while in the case of several hundred table cloths, slightly damaged in weaving, are to be cleared at just half the usual prices. An extra special offer is a luncheon-cloth, of which the quantity is limited, of fine satin damask, inlet with beautiful hand-made

Photograph *Felix, Paris*

A TAILOR-MADE COSTUME

In kaki brocaded woollen texture. The collar, buttons, and muff are of mink

Leave your cold in the bath!

For generations mustard foot-baths have been a standard "antidote" for "a bad cold."

The reason that a mustard-bath for the entire body has become popular only within the last generation is a simple one. Until only a few years ago, a foot-tub was the biggest tub that the household possessed!

When grandfather caught cold, he steamed himself over a mustard foot-bath. His grandson of to-day takes a carton of Colman's Bath Mustard specially prepared for immediate mixing in the bath—or takes two or three tablespoonfuls of the ordinary Colman's Mustard and mixes it with cold water before putting it into the tub—climbs in and comes out "a new man."

The wonderful mustard oils and crystals concentrate their action upon every pore. The blood-vessels of the skin are in direct communication with the nerves and great organs of the body. Every part of the body gets the benefit of the soothing yet invigorating action set up by the combination of mustard with water.

Leave your cold in the tub! Better still, keep your system vigorous by always using mustard in your bath. Have you Colman's Mustard in the house?

An interesting booklet by Raymond Blathwayt, with samples of Bath Mustard, will be sent free of charge on application to:

J. & J. COLMAN, Ltd., Norwich.

'Let Muster Mistard prepare your bath.'

S H R.

THE
LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S
GLOVES and HOSIERY FOR EVENING WEAR.

LONDON'S BEST VALUE.

The "OPERETTA." — Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, in White, Cream or Black.
12 B. length mousquetaire **3/11** per pair.
16 B. ,, ditto **4/11** ,, ,,
20 B ,, ditto **6/11** ,, ,,

The "ESME" Ladies' Superior quality Real Kid Gloves, in White, Cream, Biscuit, Greys, Pink, Sky, Heliotrope, Primrose or Black

12 B. length mousquetaire **4/11** per pair.

16 B. length mousquetaire (in White, Cream, or Black) **6/6** per pair

16 B. length in light shades as above **6/11** per pair.

20 B. length in White, Cream or Biscuit, Greys, Pink, Sky, Heliotrope, Primrose or Black **8/11** per pair

The "EMPRESS."—Ladies' French Suede Gloves, superior quality and finish, in Black, White, and all colours.
12 B. length mousquetaire **4/3** pr pair
16 B. ,, ,, **5 3** ,,
20 B. ,, ,, **6/3** ,,

HOSIERY.

No. H 272—**Ladies' Superior Quality Transparent Silk Hose,** with Lisle Thread Soles, Toes and Garter Tops, in White, Sky, Pink, Emerald, Grey, Heliotrope, Cerise, Tangerine, Silver, Gold or Black, **2/11** per pair.

No. H 228.—**The "Corona" Pure Silk Hose,** very special value in Black, White, and all the latest shades, with self-embroidered Silk Clox, **4/11** per pair.

No. H. 237.—**Ditto,** superior quality, in the same shades as above, **5/11** per pair.

A SPECIAL BARGAIN is offered in **Ladies' Silk Hose,** with Lace Openwork Ankles, in all light shades, suitable for Evening Wear. **1/3** per pair. 3 pairs for **3/6** **(Regular price 1/11).** N.B. No White or Black can be supplied in this make.

Write for Price List of all departments, post free on application.

45 & 45a, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.
and
82 & 83, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

"Barri" Maternity Gowns

Royal Letters Patent.
(Unobtainable elsewhere.)

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Can be made without fitting. Many designs for Day or Evening wear.

Prices from 6 Guineas.

Dinner Gown of dull purple satin, ruchings of fine ivory net, vest of cobweb lace with tiny paste buttons. Rose of deep carmine at waist.

Price **11** Gns.

For Catalogue, apply—

Barri,
72, BAKER ST.,
LONDON, W.

MATERNITY CORSETS & LAYETTES A SPECIALITY.

lace centres, that will go at a fancifully reduced price. And there are just 300 dozen pure Irish linen table napkins, suitable for breakfast use, in three designs that usually sell at 9*s.* 11*d.* the dozen, which it is proposed to clear at 6*s.* 11*d.*

Other extraordinary bargains include 1,000 of hemmed and hem-stitched linen sheets in several qualities of fine light make; in fact, of the real luxurious bed linen order, that are likewise marked to clear at 25 per cent. less than the usual cost, an odd lot of linen sheets of various sizes made up from odd makes and quantities of the firm's standard quality sheetings, will be procurable laundered ready for use. Similarly with some 1,000 dozens of pillow-cases made up from linen remnants, sizes 20in. by 30in., ranging in price from 1*s.* 0½*d.* to 1*s.* 9½*d.* each, and 22in. by 32in. from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* Walpole's have in their sale offering some supreme value in cotton and linen bedspreads, embroidered and trimmed real Irish embroidery, the former 13*s.* 6*d.* and 16*s.* 9*d.* each, according to size, and the latter 21*s.* and 22*s.* 6*d.*

The Bargain Spirit

The clearance spirit is of a very heartwhole character at D. H. Evans, 290-322, Oxford Street. No department is exempt from the bargain spirit, and a sensational feature is the once a year 1*s.* per yard dress fabric day, which comes off on Wednesday, January 7. The costume department, as is customary, overflows with temptations, since in addition to the wholesale marking down of models there are certain ranges of choice at popular prices. These include a smart tailor-made in basket tweeds and black and navy suitings, the coat lined satin at 42*s.*; a charming afternoon gown of velveteen, the corsage opening on an under-bodice of lace, and further enhanced by buttons and pipings of *panne* coming out at the incredible price of 39*s.* 6*d.* Then the dearest little dance dress of soft satin and *ninon*-trimmed marabout, obtainable in all soft evening shades, has been reduced to 35*s.* 6*d.* Frankly unheard-of sums for such enchanting seductions.

A number of sensational bargains are quoted in the silk department, as, for example, *ninon de soie* in 200 shades at 1*s.* 9½*d.* the yard, and a heavy-weight Japanese washing silk, ideal for blouses, slips, etc., 27in. wide, 1*s.* 8½*d.* the yard, while an all-silk *merveilleuse* and *paillette*, in light and dark colours and shot effects, suitable for blouses and linings, Messrs. D. H. Evans are going to clear at 1*s.* the yard. Every Friday during the sale all remnants will be marked down half price.

Furnishing drapery is another highly important feature here, a vast choice in cretonnes ranging from 4¾*d.* the yard and chintzes from 6¾*d.* A bordered cretonne specially designed for curtains is well worth securing at the sale price of 1*s.* 11½*d.* instead of 2*s.* 6½*d.* No matter, however, what the need may be, Messrs. D. H. Evans's sale may be safely requisitioned.

THE "IDEAL" EASY CHAIR

Jacobean underframe and upholstered in tapestry. Sale price, 28s. 6d., at Messrs. John Barker's, Kensington High Street

Armchairs

A marked sale element, too, is to be remarked in the furnishing and furnishing fabric department at John Barker's, Kensington. While all the goods here are placed under the ban of the blue pencil, those world-famed easy chairs exact special comment. For myself, I am never weary of applauding their virtues, having intimate acquaintance with their unrivalled comfort and value. Those who really appreciate the restfulness of an easy chair have always some particular idiosyncrasy in regard to the shape, and it has clearly been the object of the authorities at John Barker's responsible for the designing and building of the immense choice they offer to meet every conceivable demand. To some, a straight back, deep-seated model after the style of the "Ideal" pictured represents the perfection of comfort, far more so than a chair, the back of which is high enough to support the head. The "Ideal," in a way, is a very much improved version of the old-time club chair, built, moreover, on artistic lines. There is a particularly delightful feeling about the Jacobean underframe, which gives a nice, clear cut appearance, as also the straight simple lines of the upholstered portion. And during their January sale Messrs. John Barker are reducing the covetable possession to 28*s.* 6*d.*

The Willi Treatment

The "beauty specialist" is, of course, by no means a novelty in London. There are now quite a number of persons of both sexes practising this cult in the region of Bond Street. I understand that the methods adopted by Mr. C. H. Willi at 475, Oxford Street, for the treatment of wrinkles, unsightly face lines, hollow cheeks, deformed nose, etc., are new to England, though they have already become famous both in Paris and New York.

The treatment of which Mr. C. H. Willi is the pioneer in London has nothing to do with massage, nor are face creams or skin foods utilised. It was not discovered in a moment, but has been built up by a gradual process in the practise of an eminent dermatologist, being based on proved scientific principles. The means employed vary with each individual defect, according to its cause. Mr. Willi's strong point is that clients he has successfully treated are willing to bear witness in person to the efficacy of his methods.

A New Year Sale

Bargain-hunters on the look-out for good things should make a note of the date of Harrods' New Year Sale. This will be opened on January 12, 1914, and will last for one week only—until January 17. "Go early to avoid the rush" is a well-worn maxim, but very applicable in the case of Harrods' Sale, so readers should bear it in mind.

MARICH Cigarettes

SMOKED BY ROYALTY.

A solid leather cigarette case containing a sample of these Cigarettes will be sent to anyone enclosing a P.O. (or stamps) for 1/6 and mentioning paper.

Their Exquisite qualities satisfy the most critical Tastes.

Supplied to many of the leading Naval and Military Messes, Clubs, &c.

100 post free, 7s.

V. MARICH & Co., (MALTA), Dept. B, Billiter Buildings LONDON, E.C.
Agents in U.S.A.: S. J. FRANK and Co., Inc., 41, Liberty Street, New York.

Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

Gives Instant Relief.

ASTHMA
INFLUENZA
NASAL CATARRH
COUGHS

No matter what your respiratory organs may be suffering from, you will find in this remedy a restorative power that is simply unequaled

FREE SAMPLE and detailed Testimonials free by post. Sold in tins, 4s. 3d. British Depot—46 Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of the following *London* wholesale houses: Newbery & Sons; Barclay & Sons; J Sanger & Sons; W. Edwards & Son; May, Roberts & Co.; Butler & Crispe; John Thompson, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses

Trial Bottle. 6d.

SEEGER'S SEEGEROL FOR GREY HAIR.

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large size 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores. Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW"

Since its foundation in 1855, the "SATURDAY REVIEW" has been noted for the vigour of its comments on politics and affairs of the day, and for the brilliance and independence of its criticisms of Literature, Music, Art, the Drama and Finance. Signed articles of general interest by writers of the first rank also form a special feature of each issue.

EVERY SATURDAY, SIXPENCE.

10, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

Debenham & Freebody's

Commences Monday January 5.

SALE

Continues for TWELVE Days Only.

Exceptional Bargains in all Departments.

HANDSOME REST GOWNS. An exact copy of a Paris Model in rich soft Ninon and Silk Velvet Broché, with lace collar and cuffs, lined throughout with silk. All colourings. Quite fresh and fashionable.

SALE PRICE **98/6**

Also in handsome velvet brocade on gold tinsel ground.

SALE PRICE **5½** to **8½ Gns.**

REAL SILK SPORTS COATS. Rich heavy quality, perfect shapes and quite fresh. All this Season's goods in a beautiful range of colours.

35/6.

Detailed Illustrated Sale Catalogue Post Free.

350 FUR LINED COATS, in good plain Cloths, Cheviots, Tweeds and Fleecy Homespuns. In all the newest colourings. This Season's goods, trimmed various fur collars and lined good quality squirrel lock. Regular price **5½** to **12 Gns.**

TO BE CLEARED AT

49/6, 69/6 & 98/6

EACH.

Wigmore St. & Welbeck St. London, W.

Scotland's Finest Whisky.

Awarded GOLD MEDAL & 1st PRIZE MEDAL, Brewer's Exhibition, London, 1913

"Old Mac"	4/6 per bottle.	8/7 per 2 bottles.	50/- per doz.
"Tartan Label" ...	4/- ,, ,,	7/7 ,, ,,	44/- ,, ,,
"Three Thistle"	3/6 ,, ,,	6/7 ,, ,,	38/- ,, ,,
"O.M." Pure Malt...	4/6 ,, ,,	8/7 ,, ,,	50/- ,, ,,

CARRIAGE PAID. CASH WITH ORDER.

R. F. McLEOD & Co., Maryhill, GLASGOW.

The Menu: SOME IDEAS FOR AN AFTER-THEATRE SUPPER

AN impromptu supper after a theatre is generally a very enjoyable meal, and at Christmas time especially, when nearly everyone looks for a little extra dissipation. The hostess, if she is clever in the use of the chafing-dish, can prepare one or two favourite dishes with very little trouble, if the necessary ingredients are all put ready to hand. Some of the following recipes may be suitable for the above meal.

Fricassée of Lobster
Oysters à la Maître d'Hôtel
Chipped Beef Stewed in Cream
Game Salad
Banana Salad
Eggs and Tomatoes

Fricassée of Lobster

Pick all the flesh from two medium-sized lobsters, and mince it. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a chafing-dish, and stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Let this cook thoroughly, but not to colour Then moisten by degrees with three-quarters of a pint of milk, and season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg. When thoroughly mixed, add the lobster, and let it all simmer for ten minutes, stirring it well. Then add a good squeeze of lemon-juice and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Heat it all up, but do not let it boil. Serve at once with brown bread and butter.

Oysters à la Maître d'Hôtel

Wash and drain two dozen oysters. Put them in a chafing-dish with one tablespoonful of butter, stir carefully, and when the edges of the oysters begin to curl add the juice of half a lemon, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley and a little salt and pepper. Serve on toast or with brown bread and butter.

Chipped Beef Stewed in Cream

Mince the beef (obtainable ready prepared at Jackson's, in Piccadilly), place in a pan, and cover with cream ; add a pinch of salt and cayenne, and let the beef simmer for fifteen minutes. It will then be ready to serve. This is an American dish.

Game Salad

Cut some cold roast partridges or pheasant into neat pieces, and let them marinade for an hour in a mixture of oil and vinegar, seasoned with salt, pepper, and chopped tarragon. Then arrange the game in a salad-bowl, surround with shredded lettuce, and decorate the whole with hard-boiled eggs in quarters, sliced gherkins, and filleted anchovies. Sprinkle over the mixture in which the game was marinaded.

Banana Salad

Peel six bananas, cut them into slices, cover the bottom of a glass dish with these, then peel and slice three oranges, removing all pips, and lay the slices on the top of the bananas. Sprinkle over some castor sugar, and then put another layer of each fruit. This dish is better made some hours before it is required, as the ingredients have time to amalgamate.

Eggs and Tomatoes

Free from pips a large tomato, and mince finely with two slices of Spanish onion, add plenty of butter and salt and pepper to taste, stir well till the onion is quite cooked but not coloured, then put in four beaten-up eggs, and keep on stirring till the eggs are nearly set. Serve very hot with fried sippets of toast. EMILIA

The Editor's Box

Women's Work

Two very interesting brochures have recently come to my notice from the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, of 6, Prince's Street, Cavendish Square, W., an organisation which is of very great service in bringing women, from the Universities and elsewhere, into touch with the many positions of various kinds they are best qualified to fill. The first of these little books deals with Public and Social Work. Under three headings, those of Government Appointments, Municipal Appointments, and Social and Philanthropic Work, the authors of the various sections give much valuable information as to the qualifications for and scope and responsibility entailed by service in various salaried positions. The other book deals with the choice of a University from a girl's point of view. It gives a full list of the courses that can be taken at all the Universities of Great Britain and Ireland, with the fees attaching to each, and much information of an invaluable kind. Every girl should get copies of these books, which are issued collectively under the title of "The Fingerpost," price 6*d.*, and obtainable from 6, Prince's Street, Cavendish Square, W.

Christmas Festivities

The Christmas festivities at the leading hotels this year have been very successful, those at the Savoy being, as usual, on a large scale. Several hundred little guests enjoyed themselves hugely there at the children's fête on Christmas Eve, while the gala dinner on Christmas Day was also well attended. The usual banquet will take place on New Year's Eve.

New Year Bargains

Burberrys have again arranged a New Year's sale of the usual stupendous proportions. The accumulation of weatherproof overcoats, suits, and costumes is the largest ever collected together under one roof and offered at such drastic reductions in price. A great expansion of business has followed the firm's removal into its spacious new Haymarket premises. This has provided more than the ordinary quantity of 1913 models, as well as more numerous garments made of short lengths, unclassified colourings, and surplus weaves of 1913 Burberry weatherproof cloths, all of which are disposed of with the same profuse liberality, in order to make room for the vast 1914 stock. No provident man or woman can afford to overlook this splendid chance of acquiring comfort and hygienic protection in its most becoming and distinguished form at half price. A postcard to Burberrys for a sale catalogue will be immediately attended to.

Disinfectant Powder

The "Sanitas" trade mark stands for purity of material combined with excellence of manufacture throughout the world. The "Sanitas" Disinfectant Powder is the best that can be produced. It possesses great strength as an oxidising agent, from the presence of camphoric peroxide. The "Sanitas" Fluid is colourless, fragrant, and does not stain linen. It is an effective germicide oxidising agent and air purifier. Both are non-poisonous, and are used by more than 3,000 Boards of Health, sanitary authorities, workhouses, and hospitals. They are put up in handy form, the powder in a tin with a dredger top and the fluid in bottles with a specially cut cork for sprinkling.

The Gramophone for Tango

A distinguished company gathered recently in the White Room of the Savoy Hotel to see (and hear) demonstrations of the Tango by famous dancers. Four pairs of dancers, including Destrées and Layunta and Roland and Marion Mitford, of the Palace Theatre, showed both the Brazilian Tango, with its thrilling *élan*, and the highly graceful English version. The feature of the afternoon was the perfection of the "orchestra"—impersonated by "His Master's Voice" Cabinet Grand Gramophone and Tango Records. Some very tasteful brochures have been issued by the "His Master's Voice" people to announce these new records ; learners of the Tango everywhere are using this instrument to attain proficiency.

DR. PIERRE'S THE CONNOISSEURS DENTIFRICE

WHITENS & PRESERVES THE TEETH
STRENGTHENS THE GUMS
CLEANSES THE PALATE

The increasing popularity of DR. PIERRE'S DENTAL PREPARATIONS is due to their incontestable proofs of superiority over all others for the Teeth and Gums.

6 GRANDS PRIX and 25 MEDALS AWARDED FOR EXCELLENCE.

DR. PIERRE'S THE CONNOISSEURS DENTIFRICE

By Special Appointment to
H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER OF ITALY
and the ROYAL HOUSEHOLDS of
AUSTRIA and SPAIN.

BEING HIGHLY CONCENTRATED IT IS ECONOMICAL IN USE

N.B.—It is of vital importance to use a DENTIFRICE containing neither Phenol, Solol nor Saccharine, products capable of generating serious inflammation of the Mucous and the Skin (Eczema).

Samples 2d. Post Paid from Depot E, 203, REGENT STREET, LONDON W.

The Cream of Scotch Whiskies.

Sanderson's

"MOUNTAIN DEW"
AND
"SECOND TO NONE"

SCOTCH WHISKIES.

Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

ROBERTSON, SANDERSON & CO., LTD., LEITH.

London Office: 8 & 9, Charing Cross Chambers, Duke Street, Strand, W.C.

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This Boiler is very suitable for Garage and Greenhouse Heating as particulars below.

Size	To Heat 4in Pipe	Tappings	Dia of Smoke Pipe	Price Exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 1 12in. x 8in.	40ft.	1in.	4in.	£1 12 6
,, 2 12in. x 12in.	60ft.	1in.	4in.	£2 2 6
,, 3 12in. x 16in.	80ft.	1in.	4in.	£2 11 0

GREENHOUSE		GARAGE.	
	ft. in. ft. in. ft. in		ft. in ft. in ft in
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,, 2 ,,	11 0 x 16 0 x 8 0	,, 2 ,,	25 0 x 25 0 x 10 0
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